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PREFACE.

THIS selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs was first compiled about three years ago. It has passed rapidly through several large editions; and so favourably has it been received, that it was not without difficulty its publisher could meet the demand for it. In consequence of this, he has now prepared a new edition, at the old price, containing upwards of one third more than any former one, on new and smaller type, and revised and prepared with considerable attention, so as to meet the wants and wishes of all denominations, but more especially of those for whom it was originally compiled. The publisher's aim has been to make this volume contain as choice a selection as any work of the class extant. He has consulted a vast variety of compilations, many of which are not known in this country. He has also received from his friends most of the popular Hymns used at camp meetings, prayer meetings, at revivals of religion, and in the religious community generally.

This edition contains all the hymns in the last; the additional ones being placed under the miscellaneous head at the end.

In the opinion of some, the compiler should have omitted many hymns which are still retained. This, he believes, would not be strictly just. Hymns, like all other things, are valued according

to the pleasure and profit they afford—but in this selection there is abundance to suit every taste; nor is there any class who use them that may not find the principal of those which they have been pleased to call their favourites. He did not think himself at liberty to select for the fastidious and the formalist. It was for the humble and the pious this work has chiefly been designed. It was undertaken for the edification of those who “sing with the spirit and with the understanding,” that it might be the means of inspiring their devotion—and of confirming the faith, enlivening the hopes, and increasing, through the melody of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, the flame of pure practical holiness.

Praise alone constitutes the employment of the saints of God in glory. But in this state of being our praises should be mingled with prayer—humble, fervent, and sincere. Singing enables the members of the church militant not only to offer supplications to God, but also to anticipate those heavenly exercises in which the spirits of the just made perfect shall be engaged when faith is lost in sight and hope in fruition—when the saints of God shall take their harps, and with melody never again to cease, shall raise the heavenly anthem,—“Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty”—“Hallelujah! salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous are his judgments.”

CAMP-MEETING CHORISTER.

CRUCIFIXION AND ATONEMENT.

HYMN 1. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE son of man they did betray,
He was condemned and led away,
Think, O my soul, on that dread day:
Look on mount Calvary.
Behold him lamb-like led along,
Surrounded by a wicked throng,
Accused by each lying tongue,
And then the lamb of God they hung
Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
With hands and feet nailed to the wood;
From every wound a stream of blood
Came flowing down amain.
His bitter groans all nature shook,
And at his voice the rocks were broke,
And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
While spiteful Jews around him mock'd
And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
Behold, in agonies he dies;
O sinners! hear his mournful cries,
Come see his tort'ring pain.
The mourning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight:
The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
When Christ the Lord was slain.

- 4 Hark! men and angels, hear the Son;
 He cries for help, but O! there's none:
 He treads the wine press all alone,
 His garments stain'd with blood.
 In lamentations hear him cry,
 "Eloi, lama sabacthani!"
 Though death may close his languid eyes,
 He soon will mount the upper skies,
 The conquering Son of God.
- 5 The Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts like steel around him stand,
 And mocking say, "Come save the land,
 Come try yourself to free."
 A soldier pierced him when he died,—
 Then healing streams came from his side,
 And thus my Lord was crucified,
 Stern justice now is satisfied,
 Sinners, for you and me.
- 6 Behold! he mounts the throne of state,
 He fills the mediatorial seat,
 While millions bowing at his feet,
 With loud hosannas tell,
 Though he endured exquisite pains,
 He led the monster death in chains;
 Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains;
 He conquered death and hell.
- 7 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made:
 Sinners, on him your guilt was laid,
 For you he spilt his blood;
 For you, his tender soul did move,
 For you, he left the courts above,
 That you the length and breadth might prove,
 And heighth and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky,
 Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be given:
 While heaven above his praise resounds,
 O Zion sing—his grace abounds;

I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When swallowed up in heaven.

HYMN 2. C. M.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear ;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood ;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue ;
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 3. P. M.

On the Passion.

- 1 **S**AW ye my Saviour ! saw ye my Saviour !
Saw ye my Saviour and God ?

- Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended! he was extended!
Shamefully nail'd to the cross:
Oh! he bowed his head and died! thus my Lord
was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleeding!
Three dreadful hours in pain:
Oh! the sun refus'd to shine, when his majesty
divine,
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 4 Darkness prevailed! Darkness prevailed!
Darkness prevailed o'er the land:
Oh! the solid rocks were rent, through creation's
vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made;
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd in
spices sweet,
And in a new-sepulchre was laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Saviour!
Prince—and the author of peace!
Oh! he bursts the bands of death, and triumph-
ant through the east,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 Now interceding! Now interceding!
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, Father I have died! O behold my hands
and side,
To redeem them:—I pray thee forgive.
- 8 I will forgive them! I will forgive them!
If they'll repent and believe:
Let them now return to me, and be reconcil'd to
thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

HYMN 4. P. M.

- 1 **A**S near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs;

ATONEMENT.

His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

- 2 Surprised the spectacle to see,
I ask'd, who can this victim be
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consign'd to woes? I cried.
" 'Tis I," the bleeding God replied,
" To save a world from sin."
- 3 A Christ for rebel mortal dies!
How can it be! my soul replies,
What! Jesus die for me?
" Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God,
" I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee."
- 4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely given
To bring my wretched soul to heaven,
And bless me with thy love;
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall.
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

HYMN 5. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
- 2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 6. C. M.

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight! I see
The incarnate Son of God,

Expiring on the accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run,
Down from his hands and head :
The crimson tide puts out the sun !
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky
Proclaim the truth aloud ;
And with the amaz'd centurion cry
" This is the Son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hopes revive :
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine ;
Thine it shall ever be !

HYMN 7. P. M.

1 **I**'M tired with visits, modes and forms,
And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms ;
Their conversation cloy :
Their vain amours and empty stuff :
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all
my joys.

2 When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue :
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the
darkness long.

3 There while I hear my Saviour God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name,
That knew no guilt nor grief his own, but bare
it all for me.

- 4 Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart!
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest
balm it bears.
- 5 I hear the glorious suff'rer tell,
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song:
How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's
thy vict'ry death?
- 6 But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more
intense desire.
- 7 Kindly he opes to me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrows there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,
In ev'ry woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my droop-
ing head sustains.

HYMN 8. P. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace
Nothing but shame and deep distress,
No period else is seen;
'Till on the cross he bow'd his head,
A spotless victim in our stead,
Caus'd by the creature's sin.
- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
My Saviour kneel and pray for me;
For this I him adore;
Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
Blood drops did force their passage out
Through every opening pore.

- 3 The piercing thorns his temples bore,
His back with lashes all was tore,
Till one the bones might see;
Mocking, they push'd him here and there,
Marking his way with blood and tears,
Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
Round him they mock'd and made their game :
At length his cross they rear.
And can you see the mighty God,
Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?
- 5 Thus veiled in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell ?
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline,
The mourning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst :
Seraphs advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
And laud the precious Christ.

HYMN 9. P. M.

- 1 **T**HOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver
stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia's pale
beam
Shone bright on thy waters, did frequently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.
Come saints and adore him, come bow at his
feet,
Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful Hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the loud Anthem that gladdens the
skies.
- 2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his
head,
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed !
The Angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their master with silent delight.

- 3 O Garden of Olivet—dear honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The wonder of joy and the wonder of love.

HYMN 10. L. M.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross the Saviour dies;
Hark! his expiring groans arise!
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!
- 2 But life attends the dreadful sound,
And flows from every bleeding wound;
The vital stream how free it flows,
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!
- 3 And didst thou bleed,—for sinners bleed!
And could the sun behold the deed?
No; he withdrew his shining ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of wo,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow,
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain?
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, unfeeling heart;
Till all its powers and passions move,
In melting grief, and ardent love.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN 11. P. M.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command;
Soon he'll stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

Then be entreated now to stop;
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.

- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When he judgment will proclaim?
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death shall quickly come,
And drag you to the bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins around you'll crowd—
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud:
And what will you reply?
- 4 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
“Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.”
- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know:
Though his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
’Twas for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come:
None that come shall be denied,
He says, “There still is room.”

HYMN 12. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! the Jubilee is sounding;
O the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaimed,
In and through God's own dear Son;

Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb ;
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 2 Come dear friend and don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime ;
Great Salvation, don't reject it,
O receive it, now's your time ;
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again ;
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 3 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,
Praise him, praise him evermore ;
May his great love now constrain us,
His great name for to adore ;
O then let us join together,
Crowns of glory to obtain ;
Glory, honour, and salvation,
Christ the Lord has come to reign,

HYMN 13. P. M.

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry ;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.

- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case ?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face :
Wilt thou fear Immanuel ?
Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood ?

- 3 Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds !
Hark from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds !

See from all his bursting veins,
 Blood of wond'rous virtue flow,
 Shed to wash away the stains,
 And ransom thee from wo.

- 4 Though his majesty be great,
 His mercy is no less ;
 Though he thy transgressions hate,
 He feels for thy distress :
 By himself the Lord has sworn,
 He delights not in thy death,
 But invites thee to return,
 That thou may'st live by faith.
- 5 Raise thy down-cast eyes and see
 What throngs his throne surround,
 These, though sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found ;
 Yield not then to unbelief !
 While he says, " There yet is room,"
 Though of sinners thou art chief,
 Since Jesus calls thee home.

HYMN 14. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark, what sounds are those so pleas-
 ing ?
 Sinners wipe the falling tear ;
 'Tis love divine and never ceasing,
 Flows from Jesus to the ear.
- 2 Come unto me all ye that labour ;
 Sinners, heavy laden, come ;
 None are more welcome to the Saviour
 Than the wretched and undone.
- 3 Let not the weight of sin distress you ;
 Cease to heave the plaintive sigh ;
 A hearty welcome now awaits you ;
 " Come and you shall never die."
- 4 Come, ye sinners, come and wonder
 How such mercy you withstood,
 Parch'd with thirst, and starv'd with hunger,
 Satisfate your souls with good.
- 5 If by sin and sore temptation,
 Heavy laden and opprest,

Behold the gracious invitation,
 "Come, and I will give you rest."

PART SECOND.

- 6 No longer let the tempter keep you
 Fast in chains of unbelief;
 Though late in life, the word assures you,
 Christ could save the dying thief.
- 7 Mary Magd'len too can witness,
 To the mercy she receiv'd;
 Then doubt no longer of your fitness,
 Saul, of sinners chief, believ'd.
- 8 Ho! all ye sinners, heavy laden,
 Fly to Christ, the Saviour's breast;
 Receive the pressing invitation,
 "Come, and I will give you rest."

HYMN 15. L. M.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all, attention give,
 While I address you in God's name;
 You who in sin and folly live,
 Come hear the counsel of a friend:
 I sought for bliss in glitt'ring toys,
 And rang'd the 'luring scenes of vice,
 But never found substantial joys,
 Until I heard my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spake my sins at once forgiv'n,
 And wash'd my load of guilt away,
 He gave me pardon, peace, and heaven,
 And thus I found the good old way:
 And now with trembling sense I view,
 Huge billows roll beneath your feet,
 For death eternal waits for you,
 Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
 By fleeting time, or conqu'ring death;
 Yon morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark:
 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
 Must wither, like the blasted rose,
 The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.

- 4 Ye heedless ones that widely stroll,
The grave must soon become your bed ;
Where silence reigns, and vapours roll,
In solemn silence round your head :
Your friends may pass that lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slowly on,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 5 But O, the soul ! where vengeance reigns,
It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries,
It rolls amidst the burning flames
In endless wo and agonies :
There swallow'd up in darkest night,
Where devils howl, and thunders roar,
To rage in keen despair and guilt,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.
- 6 O ! fellow youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse,
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose :
Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God ;
But with my mission now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 16. P. M.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, and look yonder,
See your sins like mountains rise,
O astonishing the number,
Higher mounting than the skies :
Cry for mercy,
Dread the death that never dies.
- 2 On the crumbling banks of ruin,
How can you securely dwell ?
Sinners, vengeance is pursuing,
And will sweep you down to hell :
Then to heaven,
Finally you'll bid farewell.
- 3 Doom'd where sorrows behind sorrows,
Follow on without control,
Floods of vengeance big with horror,

Without intermission roll ;
 Wrath vindictive
 Overwhelms the guilty soul.

4 See yon sun, how swift he hasteth
 Through the circuit of the skies ;
 How your golden moments wasteth !
 Sinners, pray at length be wise :
 O ! he's sitting,
 And may set no more to rise.

5 See how fast your time is flying ;
 Will ye sinners yet delay ?
 One is gone, another's dying,
 O ! to God for mercy pray :
 Time is precious,
 God may next call you away.

6 Now 's the time for preparation,
 While the vital air you breathe ;
 God is offering you salvation,
 Calls you yet to turn and live ;
 Boundless mercy ;
 All who comes he will receive.

7 See the precious blood of Jesus,
 Streaming from the cursed tree !
 Will not this suffice to grieve us ?
 Jesus spilt his blood for me !
 Come then sinners,
 And his great salvation see:

HYMN 17. P. M.

1 **O** HEARKEN, sinners, we have cause
 To warn you of your danger ;
 We pray be reconcil'd to him,
 Who once lay in a manger.

Ho ! every one that thirsts,
 Come ye to the waters,
 Freely drink and quench your thirst,
 Ye Zion's sons and daughters.

2 The awful God who made your soul,
 And all the world around you,
 Doth charge you with ten thousand crimes,
 But hateth to confound you.

- 3 O seek the circumcising grace,
Be wise, do not refuse it,
For if you seek your life to save,
You will be sure to lose it.
- 4 The cross of Christ you have to bear,
Fearless of persecution,
Or groan you will when time shall cease,
In darkness and confusion.
- 5 Come all ye humble weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiv'n,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heav'n.
- 6 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Come drink and wash, and be made white,
And prove the gospel fulness.
- 7 O! see the crowd that's trav'ling on,
In paths of self-denial;
They march along the banks of love,
And long for your arrival.
- 8 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe, and you'll be justified:
Believe and live for ever.
- 9 I'm not surpris'd that saints do sing,
Or angels shout and wonder,
I would sing glory! if I could,
As loud as mighty thunder.
- 10 My night of sin and grief is gone,
My soul is filled with glory:
O! for a thousand tongues to tell
Love's animating story.
- 11 Let heav'n and earth with me unite,
And sing and shout hosanna;
The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
And fill'd my soul with manna.

HYMN 18. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE voice of free grace
Cries escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race,
Christ hath open'd a fountain.

For sin and transgression,
And every pollution,
His blood flows most freely
In streams of ablution.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus's side
Flows plenteous redemption;
Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely:
O come to the fountain.

3 Blest Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.
Thy name shall be praised,
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands,
We will praise him evermore;
We'll range the blest fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujahs
For ever and ever.

HYMN 19. P. M.

1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See his mighty arm made bare!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment now prepare,
Thou must either break or bow.

- 2 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 What will then become of thee?
 Who his coming may abide?
 You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapt in flame?
- 3 Then the great, the rich, the wise,
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
 Must behold the wrathful eyes
 Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
 Where are now their haughty looks?
 O! their horror and despair,
 When they see the opened books,
 And their dreadful sentence hear!
- 4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace
 Soon we must resign our breath,
 And our souls be called to pass
 Through the iron gate of death.
 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice;
 Seek the things that are above;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.
- 5 O when flesh and heart shall fail
 Let thy love our spirits cheer,
 Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail
 Over Satan, sin, and fear;
 Trusting in thy precious name,
 May we thus our journey end;
 Then our foes shall lose their aim,
 And the Judge will be our friend.

HYMN 20. L. M.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, sinners arise,
 And view your bleeding sacrifice;
 Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
 And bids the poor and needy come.
- 2 Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
 Sign'd your acquittances in blood,
 Hereby stern justice is pleas'd;
 Sinners look up and be releas'd.

- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face,
Here look, till love dissolves your heart,
And bids your slavish fears depart.
- 4 O quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

HYMN 21. P. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the warning hear,
And haste to Jesu's arms,
Where love and grace appear
In all their heav'nly charms;
No longer from his mercy roam,
But flee the dreadful wrath to come.
- 2 Long have you liv'd in sin,
And priz'd the joys of earth,
Too long delighted been
With vanity and mirth:
No longer now from Jesus roam,
But fly, O fly from wrath to come.
- 3 Hark! 'tis the Saviour's voice,
His promises invite:
O make his grace your choice,
His name your chief delight.
O may you seek the heavenly home,
And flee the dreadful wrath to come.
- 4 No longer ling'ring stand,
On Sodom's sinful plains;
Destruction's near at hand,
And everlasting pains:
No longer from the Saviour roam,
But flee the dreadful wrath to come.

HYMN 22. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, O my heart, and let us take
An evening walk becoming thee,
Now whither dost thou choose, we shall take our
course,
Up to Calvary or Gethsemane?

- 2 Oh! Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis too difficult a task for me,
To indulge in balmy sleep, would far better suit
my taste,
Than Calvary or Gethsemane,
- 3 O! it would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor yet so hard a task for thee,
If thou didst love the man, who first laid the plan,
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 I had rather abide in the pleasant plain,
My gay companions there to see,
And to tarry awhile, in the joys of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.
- 5 Thy gay companions ere long will be gone,
Poor blinded souls could they but see!
And if ever thou would'st stand, on Canaan's
happy land,
Thou must first climb the mountain Calvary.
- 6 There is no pleasure that I can behold,
'Tis a sad and dreary path to me,
And I have heard them say, there are lions in the
way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.
- 7 True! it is a straight and narrow road,
And lions lurk there for their prey;
But thou shalt have a guard, yea the angels of God,
Shall conduct thee up to Calvary.
- 8 I had rather have peace and live at my ease,
Than to be afflicted thus by thee,
When blooming youth is gone, and old age comes
on,
I will then go with thee to Calvary.
- 9 There is no time so good as youth,
To travel this mountain you must see,
For when old age comes on, with its great load of
sin,
How then canst thou climb up Calvary.
- 10 O conscience thou art ever making a noise,
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee;
There is time enough yet, and the journey's not
so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

- 11 Oh hark! I hear a doleful sound,
And thou shouldst greatly alarmed be,
A blooming youth is gone, and is sleeping in the
tomb,
Who refused to climb up Calvary.
- 12 Alas! I know not what to do,
For thou hast greatly alarmed me,
In sin I have gone on, till I fear I am undone,
Lord help me to climb up Calvary.
- 13 O tarry not in all the plain,
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee,
But look up to the man, who was bruised for thy
sin,
And he'll help thee to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 23. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD that great and awful day
Of parting soon will come,
When sinners must be hurl'd away;
And Christians gathered home.
- 2 The one with Dives for water cry;
And gnaw their tongues in pain;
They gnash their teeth, in horrors lie,
And wring their hands in vain.
- 3 Now hail! ye doleful frightened ghosts,
With whom I once did dwell,
And spent my days in frantic mirth,
And danc'd my soul to hell!
- 4 You me about the floor did drag,
And caus'd my soul to sin;
And devils now your mouth shall gag,
And force the fuel in.
- 5 Perhaps the parent sees the child
Sink down to endless pain,
With shrieks and howls, and bitter cries,
Never to rise again.
- 6 O father, see my blazing hands,
Mother! behold your child!
Against you now, a witness stands,
Amidst the flames confin'd!

- 7 The child, perhaps, the parent views,
Go headlong down to hell;
Gone with the rest of Satan's crew,
And bids the child farewell!
- 8 The husband sees his piteous wife,
With whom he once did dwell,
Depart with groans and bitter cries,
My husband! fare you well!
- 9 But O, perhaps, the wife may see,
The man she once did love,
Sink down to endless misery,
While she is crown'd above!
- 10 Then shall the saints, thro' grace combin'd,
Drink in eternal love;
In Jesus' image there to shine,
And reign with him above.
- 11 O how it lifts my soul to think,
Of meeting round the throne,
Eternal joys there for to drink,
Where sorrows never come.

HYMN 24. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME all ye poor sinners that from Adam
came,
Ye poor and ye blind, and ye halt and ye lame,
Close in with salvation for mercy is free,
Or you will be damn'd through eternity.
- 2 When God shall descend with a shout from above,
And call home his servants to bless with his love,
And you not renew'd in your souls by his grace,
Away you'll be banish'd from Jesus's face
- 3 For if you deny him, he will deny you,
Into hell you'll be turn'd, among the damn'd crew,
In horror and torment for ever you'll lie;
In vain then for mercy, in vain you may cry.
- 4 You've read of the rich man and beggar also;
The beggar he died and to Jesus did go;
The rich man he died, and to his sad surprise,
Awaked in hell, and he lift up his eyes.
- 5 Seeing Abra'am afar in the mansions above,
And Laz'rus in his bosom in raptures of love,

- He cry'd "Father Abra'am send to my relief,
For I am tormented with pain and with grief."
- 6 He said, "son remember when you liv'd so great,
Dress'd in your fine linen, your purple and state,
Whilst Laz'rus was laid at your gate full of grief,
You had not compassion to give him relief."
- 7 "Besides, there's a gulph fix'd betwixt us you
see;
So that those who would come here, from thence,
cannot flee;
But there you must lie and lament your sad state,
For now you are sending your cries up too late."
- 8 He cried, "father Abra'am I pray thee provide,
Send one from the dead, I've five brethren beside;
They hearing from me, and of my wretched state,
Perhaps they'll repent now, before 'tis too late."
- 9 "They have a rich gospel that spreads far and
wide;
They have Moses, the prophets, and apostles
beside,
If they'll not adhere unto them and repent,
They would not believe though one from the dead
went."
- 10 O come, ye poor mourners, and don't you
despair,
But cry to your Jesus, he'll answer your pray'r;
He'll hear your complaints, and ease all your grief;
He'll pardon your sins, and will give you relief.
- 11 And when your frail bodies you come to lay
down.
You'll fly up to heaven where you'll wear a bright
crown.
The smiles that will beam from your Jesus's face,
Will make you adore and admire his free grace.

HYMN 25. L. M.

- 1 **I** LONG to see the season come,
When sinners will come flocking home,
To taste the riches of God's love,
And sing his praise in realms above.
- 2 Hark! hear the gospel trumpet's sound,
Inviting sinners all around

Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

- 3 He now is knocking at your heart,
Waiting salvation to impart ;
To wash you in atoning blood,
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days, and you must go
To realms of joy, or endless wo ;
In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.
- 5 Come, sinners all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake ;
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companions by the hand,
Take all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesus' call ;
He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.
- 7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his Jewels home,
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

HYMN 26. P. M.

- 1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly swiftly as the wheeling spheres
Around the steady pole,
Time like the tide its motions keep
Till I shall launch into the deep,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle scene ;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
While fond of sublunary bliss,
That thou must groan and die.
- 3 And must my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live and cease to think !
It cannot, cannot be !
No, my immortal cannot die,
Where wilt thou go, where wilt thou fly,
When death shall set thee free.

- 4 Long ere the sun has run his round,
 I may be buried under ground,
 And there in silence rot :
 Alas one hour may close the scene,
 And ere twelve months have roll'd between
 I may be quite forgot.
- 5 A heaven, a hell, and these alone,
 Beyond the present world are known ;
 There is no middle state.
 To-day obey the call divine ;
 To-morrow may be none of thine,
 Or it may be too late.

HYMN 27. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, a stranger at the door ;
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;
 You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
 He will—the very friend you need :
 The man of Nazareth is he,
 With garments dy'd, from Calvary.
- 3 O, lovely attitude ! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands :
 O, matchless kindness ! and he shows
 That matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine ;
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

HYMN 28. P. M.

- 1 **N**O words can declare, nor fancy can paint,
 What rage and despair, what hopeless complaint,
 Fill Satan's dark dwelling, that prison beneath,
 What weeping and yelling, and gnashing of teeth.
- 2 Yet sinners will choose this dreadful abode,
 Each madly pursues the dangerous road,
 Though God gives them warning they onward
 will go,
 They answer with scorning, and rush into woe.

- 3 How sad to behold, the rich and the poor,
The young and the old, all blindly secure!
All posting to ruin, refusing to stop;—
Ah! think what you're doing while yet there is
hope!
- 4 How weak is your hand, to fight with the Lord!
How can you withstand, the edge of his sword?
What hope of escaping, for those who oppose,
When hell is wide gaping, to swallow his foes?
- 5 How oft have you dared the Lord to his face,
Yet still you are spared to hear of his grace!
Oh, pray for repentance and life-giving faith,
Before the just sentence consign you to death.
- 6 It is not too late to Jesus to flee,
His mercy is great, his pardon is free!
His blood has such virtue for all that believe,
That nothing can hurt you, if him you receive.
-

PENITENTIAL.

HYMN 29. L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL! sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man:
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.
- 4 But lo! the eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrests the man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
Stern justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd ;
She led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.
- 7 Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That might have crush'd a world to hell :
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became a hiding place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Zion's coast :
There I shall sing a song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 30. P. M.

- 1 **A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall was found,
I knew not what to do ;
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near ;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain ;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 Then to the law I trembling fled ;
It poured its curses on my head,
I no relief could find ;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelmed my troubled mind.

- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load :
Alas ! I heard and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare :
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way,
I felt his pity move ;
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew, -
And loftier sounds did raise :
All hail the Lamb that once was slain ;
Unnumbered millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 31. L. M.

- 1 **O**H! give me Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn ;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wond'rous sight ;
O that with Salem's daughters, I,
Could stand and see my Saviour die.
- 3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die !
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 Father of mercy ! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son,
And with my broken heart comply ;
O give me Jesus or I die.

- 5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou would'st ease me of my guilt ;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
And give me Jesus or I die.
- 6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell ;
Oh! might I enter, now I'm come ;
Lord Jesus save, or I am gone.

HYMN 32. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, and let us try,
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.
What is this that casts you down ?
Who are those that grieve you ?
Speak and let the worst be known :
Speaking may relieve you.
- 2 Christ by faith I sometimes see,
Then it doth relieve me :
But my sins return again,
They are they that grieve me ;
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plung'd in sin, a sore disease,
How can I be cheerful !
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden,
Sweating blood from every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
See him stretch'd upon the wood,
In that suffering station,
Bearing all the will of God,
To procure salvation.
- 4 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Leave it with the Saviour ;
He, (whose hands for thee were bor'd,)
Can and will deliver.
Why should sorrows bow thee down,
Trials or temptation ?
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation ?

HYMN 33. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come with your guilt and fear oppress'd ;
And make this last resolve :—
- 2 “ I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Have like a mountain rose :
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever me oppose.
- 3 “ Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 “ I'll to my gracious king approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command a touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 “ Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps he'll hear my prayer :
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 “ I can't but perish if I go :
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.”

HYMN 34. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat !
- 2 “ I die with hunger here,” he cries,
“ I starve in foreign lands ;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 “ I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face ;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace.”

- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The rebel's heart with sorrow breaks
For follies he had done.
- 6 " Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command :
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 " A day of feasting I ordain,
Let joy and mirth abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again ;
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 35. C. M.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd ;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him " thou hast died."
- 5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame ;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 " Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promis'd grace receive ;
'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 36. P. M.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign,
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine.
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
The blood of atonement apply,
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I.
Speak, Saviour ! for sweet is thy voice ;
Thy presence is fair to behold ;
Attend to my sorrows and cries,
My groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
My hold of thy promise to keep,
The billows more fiercely return,
And plunge me again in the deep.
While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
The tempter suggests with a roar,
" The Lord has forsaken thee quite ;
Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me ;
Ah, tell me, how is it I find
Some pleasure in waiting for thee.
Almighty to rescue thou art ;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower ;
Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power.

HYMN 37. P. M.

- 1 **N**AY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name ;

Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace thy power defy :
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard, and set him free ;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many years have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,
Yet have been upheld till now ;
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need ;
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesu's sake.

HYMN 38. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition
'Till Jesus made me whole ;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul :
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave
To tell to all around me
His wond'rous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases
Is light, compared to sin,
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within :
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combin'd,
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

- 3 From men great skill professing,
 I sought a cure to gain ;
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain.
 Some said that nothing ailed me,
 Some gave me up for lost ;
 Thus every refuge failed me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great physician,
 (How matchless is his grace,)
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case :
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin mine eyes had seal'd ;
 Then bade me look unto him,
 I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death.
 Come, then, to this physician,
 His help he'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

HYMN 39. P. M.

- 1 **E**NCOURAGED by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door :
 No hand, no heart, O Lord ! but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
 If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou would'st disdain :
 But those which move thy gracious ear
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
 That though I now am poor,
 Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more ;

Thou knowest from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few ;
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I should deserve.
- 5 Nor dare I to pretend
I never begg'd before,
And if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good
For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food,
My soul can satisfy :
O do not frown and bid me go,
Until a blessing thou bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounties to conceal
From others, who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send ten thousand more.
- 8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
Our ways and thoughts transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend :
Such pleas as mine men would not hear,
But God receives the beggar's prayer.

HYMN 40. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! thou art the sinner's friend ;
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord ! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

- 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord! remember me.
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all abounding grace,
O Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

HYMN 41. P. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus! here comes and knocks at thy door,
A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,
Blind, lame, and forsaken, all roll'd in his blood,
At last overtaken when running from God.
- 2 To ask children's bread I dare not presume,
But, Lord, to be fed with fragments I come;
Some crumbs from thy table O let me obtain,
For lo! thou art able my wants to sustain.
- 3 I own I deserve no favour to see,
So long did I swerve and wander from thee,
Till brought by affliction my follies to mourn;
Now under conviction to thee I return.
- 4 For since thou hast said, thou'lt cast away none
Who fly to thine aid as sinners undone;
Now, Lord, I am come as condemned to die,
And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.
- 5 I cannot depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
Till my poor heart feels this promise fulfill'd;
That I may for ever a monument be,
To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like me.

HYMN 42. C. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem sent;
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
'Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When Famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
Then threw his arms around the neck,
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father I've sinned; but O! forgive!"
"Enough," the father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 43. P. M.

- 1 **O**N the brink of fiery ruin,
Justice, with a flaming sword,
Was my guilty soul pursuing,
When I first beheld my Lord.
- 2 Terrified with Sinai's thunder,
Straight I flew to Calvary,

Where I saw with love and wonder,
Him, by faith, who died for me.

3 "Sinner," he exclaimed, "I've loved thee
With an everlasting love;
Justice has in me approv'd thee;
Thou shalt dwell with me above."

4 Sweet as angel's notes in heaven
When to golden harps they sound,
Is the voice of sins forgiven,
To the soul by Satan bound.

5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,
Was that heavenly voice to me,
When I saw my Lord before me
Bleed and die to set me free!

6 Saints attend with holy wonder!
Sinners, hear and sing his praise:
'Tis the God that holds the thunder,
Shows himself the God of grace.

HYMN 44. P. M.

1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
From weeping he could not forbear:
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sin to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill treated and sold!
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told!
"I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more;
Not one of them durst to look up.
"Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?"

And will he our household maintain?
Oh, this is a brother indeed!"

- 4 Thus, dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden'd with guilt, to the Lord;
Surrounded with terror and shame,
Unable to utter a word;
At first he look'd stern and severe,
What anguish then pierced my heart;
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed, depart!"
- 5 But oh! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign.
- 6 "I am Jesus whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucify'd often afresh;
But let me henceforth be esteem'd
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh:
My pardon I freely bestow,
Thy wants I will freely supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.
- 7 "Go publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
Oh sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend;
But come without farther delay,
To Jesus, our Brother and Friend.

HYMN 45. C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;

Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there.

5 Thy mercy seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 46. C. M.

1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find
Which to salvation led,
I listen'd long with anxious mind,
To hear what others said.

2 While some of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was stupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor song.

3 The Lord my labouring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Supposing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguish and dismay;
Through what distresses they had walk'd
Before they found the way.

5 Ah then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again
To make me more like these.

6 I had my wish; the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

- 7 Alas! I now must give it up,
 I cry'd in deep despair;
 How could I dream of drawing hope
 From what I cannot bear.
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
 And when he set me free,
 Trust simply on my word he said,
 And leave the rest to me.

HYMN 47. C. M.

- 1 **Y**E happy souls whose peaceful minds,
 Are freed from pain and fear,
 Ye objects whom kind heaven design'd,
 To be its constant care:
 To you I'll vent my mournful sighs,
 Press'd by my dismal state:
 O can you with me sympathise?
 While I my case relate?
- 2 I once was happy in the Lord,
 My soul was in a flame,
 I did delight to hear his word
 And praise his holy name:
 But now the gospel's hid from me,
 Though often do I hear;
 The law denounces death on me,
 And thunders out despair.
- 3 But woe is me, those joys are past,
 Those blissful scenes are o'er,
 I'm like a city quite laid waste,
 To be rebuilt no more:
 In vain I sigh, in vain I mourn,
 In vain I seek for rest;
 I fear the dove will ne'er return,
 To my poor troubled breast.
- 4 The devil waiting me around,
 To make my soul his prey,
 I wait to hear the trumpet sound—
 Take, take the wretch away!
 I linger, sigh, I mourn and cry,
 Sleep now has left mine eyes,
 And ghastly death seems drawing nigh,
 And that without disguise.

- 5 O that I was some bird or beast—
 Was I a stork or owl,
 Some lofty tree should bear my nest,
 Or through the desert prowl :
 But I have an immortal soul,
 Within this house of clay,
 That either must with devils howl,
 Or dwell in endless day.
- 6 One evening as I pensive lay,
 Alone upon the ground,
 As I to God began to pray,
 A light shone all around :
 These words with pow'r went through my heart
 " I've come to set thee free,
 Nor Death, nor hell, shall ever part,
 My love, my son, from me."
- 7 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,
 "Glory to God," I cried :
 My soul was fill'd, I cried " enough,
 For me the Saviour dy'd."
 The winter's past, the rain is gone,
 Sweet flowers do now appear,
 The morning brought a glorious sun,
 And banish'd every fear.

HYMN 48. P. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Elisha's gate
 The Syrian leper stood ;
 But could not brook to wait :
 He deem'd himself too good.
 He thought the prophet would attend,
 And not to him a message send.
- 2 " Have I this journey come,
 And will he not be seen ?
 I were as well at home,
 Would washing make me clean ?
 Why must I wash in Jordan's flood ?
 Damascus' rivers are as good."
- 3 Thus by his foolish pride
 He almost miss'd a cure :
 But yet at length he tried
 And found the method sure :
 Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
 His leprosy was quickly heal'd.

- 4 Leprous and proud as he,
 To Jesus, thus I came,
 From sin to set me free,
 When first I heard his fame :
 Surely, thought I, my pompous train
 Of vows and tears will notice gain.
- 5 My heart devised the way
 Which I supposed he'd take ;
 And when I found delay,
 Was ready to go back :
 Had he some painful task enjoin'd,
 I to performance seem'd inclined.
- 6 When by his word he spake,
 "That fountain opened see :
 'Twas open'd for thy sake,
 Go wash, and thou art free :"
 Oh! how did my proud heart gainsay
 I fear'd to trust this simple way.
- 7 At length I trial made,
 When I had much endured ;
 The message I obey'd ;
 I wash'd and I was cured.
 Sinners, this healing fountain try,
 Which cleans'd a wretch so vile as I.
-

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

HYMN 49. P. M.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a king,
 Large petitions with thee bring,
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
 Lord remove this load of sin !

Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 50. C. M.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That any lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath;
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, Behold he prays.

- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.
- 7 No prayer is made on earth alone,
The holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the Eternal Throne
For sinners intercedes.
- 8 Oh thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord teach us how to pray.

HYMN 51. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my sad complaint?
Where but with thee? whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that 's cast for me,
I have an advocate with thee:
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

HYMN 52. L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.
- 5 Were half the time thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 53. P. M.

- 1 **N**OW in Jesu's name, I pray,
Father, take my sins away;
Give me sight; I still am blind;
Give me all my Saviour's mind;
Let me enter into rest,
Bless me—for I will be blest.
- 2 Jesus is within the veil,
Still his groans thine ears assail;
Stronger pleadings have I none;
Hear me for his sake alone;
Let me enter into rest,
Bless me—for I will be blest.
- 3 My affections fix above,
Rooted, grounded in thy love!
Let me only Jesus see,
Let me only dwell in thee,
Let me enter into rest,
Bless me—for I will be blest.

SUPPLICATION.

- 4 Bruise in me the hateful foe ;
Perfect me in love below ;
Let me Adam's loss regain,
Wrestle, and the prize obtain.
Let me enter into rest,
Bless me—for I will be blest.

HYMN 54. P. M.

- 1 **E**VER nigh to those who call,
Jesus, thou art all in all,
Righteous advocate of love,
Seated near the throne above ;
I to Salem's gates draw near,
Fearless, when thy voice I hear.
- 2 Whom have I but thee to plead ?
'Twas thyself alone that bled !
Who but thee could e'er prevail ?
Legions of arch-angels fail ?
Only thou to us art given,
Only thou—the king of Heaven.
- 3 Whom, on earth, but thee, have I ?
Who but thee, for me would die ?
Who can ev'ry care relieve ?
Who can ev'ry blessing give ?
Who can ev'ry sickness heal ?
Who can mysteries reveal ?
- 4 When impending storms appear,
Who can save, or who can cheer ?
Who can re-create the heart ?
Who can life and bliss impart ?
Only thou, my glorious Lord,
Thou alone canst all afford !
- 5 Let me not from thee e'er swerve,
Only thee I'll love and serve ;
Only thou shall be my theme,
Only thou resolv'd I am !
Whom have I in heaven but thee ?
Who on earth compared can be ?

HYMN 55. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away

- To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea
Where stormy winds do blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair,
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through ev'ry latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

HYMN 56. S. M.

- 1 **O** WHY should unbelief
Stay the Almighty's hand,
That hand which holds my sure relief,
Though earth and hell withstand.
- 2 My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe,
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
We shall in truth receive.
- 3 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent :
To fervent persevering pray'r,
He'll every blessing grant.

HYMN 57. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the court above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And quick devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood
That calm'd his frowning face ;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
We'll raise our highest notes of praise
To reach th' Almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high:
And glory to th' eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN 58. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME sisters and brothers, who love one
another,
And have done so for years that are gone,
How often we've met him, in sweet heavenly
union,
Who opens the way to God's throne:
With joy and thanksgiving, we'll praise him who
lov'd us,
While we run in the bright shining way,
Though we part here in body, we're bound for
one glory,
And bound for each other to pray.
- 2 There was Joshua and Joseph, Elias and Moses,
Who prayed as they journey'd along;
There was Abra'm and Isaac, and Jacob and
David,
And Solomon, Stephen and John:
There was Simeon and Anna, and I don't know
how many,
Who pray'd and God heard from his throne;
Some cast among lions, some bound with rough
irons,
Yet glory and praises they sung.
- 3 Some tell us that praying, and also that praising,
Is labour that's all spent in vain;
But we have such witness, that God hears with
swiftness,
From praying we will not refrain:

- There was old father Noah, and ten thousand
more,
Who witness'd that God heard them pray;
There was Samuel and Hannah, Paul, Silas and
Peter,
And Daniel and Jonah will say,
4 That God by his spirit, or an angel doth visit,
Our souls and our bodies while praying;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go prais-
ing,
And glorify God in the flame.
God grant us to inherit the same praying spirit,
While onward we journey below,
So that when we cease praying, we may not cease
praising,
But around God's bright throne we may bow.

HYMN 59. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation
Unless thou visit us again.
Lord, revive us; Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
Happy seasons we have seen!
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth!
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;

- Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant!
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive the work afresh.

HYMN 60. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarrings cease;
Come, O come! and reign for ever,
"God of Love, and Prince of Peace;
Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
Here the people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over ev'ry hind'rance leap;
Not upheld by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth;
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
'Till in death's cold arms we sleep,

Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour;
O good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us:
Persecution rages here;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us;
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

5 Hear the Prince of our salvation
Saying, "Fear not, little flock;
I, myself, am your Foundation,
You are built upon this rock.
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep;
Look to me, and be ye holy;
I delight to feed my sheep."

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus!
How it doth our souls inflame!
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear our way before us;
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 61. P. M.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd:
"Others by thy grace are saved,
Now vouchsafe to me thine aid;"
While he cried the people chid him,
But he pray'd the louder still,
'Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
"Come, and ask me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give.

- “ Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day ;”
 Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.
- 3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around,
 “ Friends, is not my case amazing!
 What a Saviour I have found!—
 O that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me!
 Surely, they would come unto him,
 He would cause them all to see.
- 4 Now I freely leave my garments,
 Follow Jesus in the way ;
 He will guide me by his counsel ;
 Lead me to eternal day :
 There I shall behold my Saviour,
 Spotless, innocent, and pure ;
 And with him shall reign for ever,
 If I to the end endure.

HYMN 62. P. M.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty—
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the chrystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong deliv'rer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with the heav'nly manna,
 In this barren wilderness :
 Be my sword, and shield, and banner,
 Be my robe of righteousness :
 Fight and conquer
 All my foes by sov'reign grace.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;

Foe to death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side,
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

HYMN 63. P. M.

- 1 **R**ICHEST source of purest pleasure,
Fountain whence our comfort flows,
More to be desired than treasure;
Treasure which this world bestows.
- 2 These afford us poor enjoyment
As the world recedes to view;
Thou canst yield us sweet employment,
As we bid the world adieu.
- 3 Dearest source of consolation,
Refuge to the poor distress'd,
Thou canst calm our perturbation,
Thou canst give the weary rest.
- 4 Bid the billows, loudly raging,
Calmly at thy voice subside;
Bid the clouds, that storms presaging,
Soon to distant quarters glide.
- 5 As the evening sun declining,
Sheds around a softer ray,
May thy milder radiance shining,
Calmly gild our closing ray.
- 6 As the soul, releas'd from trouble,
Views with joy its sorrows past,
Views them as an empty bubble
On the billowy ocean cast.
- 7 Oh! how sweet, in retrospection,
Pains and sorrows well endur'd;
'Twas through suffering—sweet reflection,
Christ our brightest hopes procur'd.
- 8 Let us, then, on him reclining,
For his sake our patience prove;

Sure we oft, without repining,
Suffer much for those we love.

- 9 Soon this path, so dark and dreary,
Shall in fairer scenes expand;
Soon the traveller, faint and weary,
Shall behold the promis'd land.

HYMN 64. P. M.

- 1 **O** HOW I have long'd for the coming of God!
And sought him by praying and searching
his word:
With watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd,
Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear;
According to promise, he answer'd my prayer;
And glory is open'd in floods on my soul;
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.
- 3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,
And sinners come crying, and weeping to God;
Their mourning and praying is heard very loud,
And many find favour in Jesus's blood.
- 4 Here are more, my dear Saviour, who fall at thy
feet,
Oppress'd by a burden enormously great
Oh raise them, my Jesus, to tell of thy love,
And shout hallelujahs with angels above.
- 5 I'll sing, and I'll shout, and I'll shout, and I'll
sing;
Oh God make the nations in praises to ring
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,
And carry us all to the city above.
- 6 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw near;
Oh come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear;
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelm'd in Jesus's love.

HYMN 65. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.
- 3 Then I began to weep and pray,
I look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I sought salvation for to buy,
But still I found no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,
And O! what seasons I have seen,
Ever since I felt this union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always something found to say,
About this heavenly union.
- 6 I wonder why old saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to our king,
Who brought our souls to union.
- 7 Come, poor backslider, come away,
And mind to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.
- 8 O, could I like an angel sound,
Salvation through the earth around,
The devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread this heavenly union.
- 9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,
And give to Jesus endless praise,
And thou, my soul, look on and gaze,
He weeps, he bleeds, thy debt he pays,
To give thee heavenly union.
- 10 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit this vale of pain and wo,

And then we'll all to glory go,
And then we'll see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

11 There we the glorious Lamb shall see,
Who groan'd and died upon the tree,
Who spill'd his blood to set us free,
That we might his salvation see,
And feel a gracious union.

12 Almighty God, teach heart and tongue,
To thee to raise a grateful song,
All praises to thy name belong,
Let Zion sing, thy kingdom come,
And fill the earth with union.

HYMN 66. P. M.

1 **T**HE gospel's joyful sound
Is music to my ears;
In Jesus I have found
Relief from all my fears:
Darkness to light does now give place,
And all things wear a different face.

2 Since God is reconcil'd,
I fear no dire alarms;
He owns me for his child,
And clasps me in his arms.
Transported with seraphic joy,
I Father, Abba Father, cry.

3 I cannot fear the law,
Its thunders now may roar;
Since I my Saviour saw,
They can affright no more.
On wings of love I mount, I fly,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

4 Death too has lost his sting,
And wears a smiling face:
I hope to shout and sing,
Ev'n in his cold embrace.
He'll close my eyes and shut my ears,
But cannot rouse my guilty fears.

5 When through the flaming sky,
I see the judge descend,

I'll Abba Father cry,
 And hail him as my friend.
 While standing in the gospel light,
 There's nothing can my soul affright.

6 Now let my flowing eyes
 Run down with grateful tears,
 Since free adopting grace,
 Has banish'd all my fears;
 And still my sinful self deny,
 When I express the heav'n-born cry.

7 No more let me return,
 Beneath the galling yoke,
 Or e'er embrace those chains,
 Which grace divine has broke.
 Let Abba Father be my cry,
 In time and in eternity.

HYMN 67. P. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY love inspire my heart with pure
 desire,
 Until the sacred fire my soul doth renew,
 I love the blessed Jesus, on whom each angel
 gazes,
 And symphony increases, above the ethereal blue.
- 2 My tender-hearted Jesus, thy love my soul ama-
 zes,
 Who came from heav'n to save us, when lost
 and undone;
 No angel could redeem us, no seraph could re-
 trieve us,
 No arm could relieve us, but Jesus alone.
- 3 In him I have believed, he has my soul retrieved,
 From sin he has redeem'd my soul that was dead,
 And now I love my Saviour, for I am in his fa-
 vour,
 And hope with him for ever, the golden streets to
 tread.
- 4 Yet here awhile I stay, in hope of that glad day,
 Till I'm called away to the mansions above:
 There to enjoy the treasure of unconsuming
 pleasure,
 And shout in highest measure, hallelujahs of
 love.

HYMN 68. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, and taste along with me
The weary pilgrim's consolation ;
Boundless mercy running free,
The earnest of complete salvation.
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resigned ;
The fulness of his power I prove,
And all my soul's dissolved in love.
Jesus is the pilgrim's portion:
Love is boundless as the ocean.
- 2 When the world and flesh would rise,
And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
Strangers slight, or friends despise,
I then more highly prize his favour.
Friends believe me when I tell,
If Christ be present all is well :
The world and flesh in vain may rise,
I all their efforts do despise.
In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ I've consolation.
- 3 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I shun their carnal pleasure ;
All in this which gives me pain,
Is, that they slight a noble treasure.
But still among them, bless the Lord !
There's some who tremble at his word ;
And this doth joy to me impart,
To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart.
O the grace to sinners given,
Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.
- 4 When I'm in the house of prayer,
I find with the congregation,
Music sweet unto my ear,
Is the glad sound of free salvation.
When I join to sing his praise,
My heart in holy raptures raise :
I join and sing, and shout aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd ;
Glorious the theme of exultation,
What I feel is past expression.

- 5 When I hear the pleasing sound
Of weeping mourners just converted,
The dead's alive, the lost is found;
The Lord hath healed the broken hearted.
My heart exults, my spirits glow,
I love my Lord and brethren so :
Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would sing with those above.
Glory, honour, and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.
- 6 Why should I regard the frowns
Of those who mock, deride, or slight me,
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me :
Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,
When once we reach that happy shore ;
There, with the shining hosts above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love.
Blessings there, beyond expression,
Ever roll in sweet succession.
- 7 Sinners, you may laugh and scorn ;
Your moments lost will be lamented ;
The awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented ;
Death in its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold ;
Then all your pleasures take their flight,
And down you'll sink to endless night ;
While you're of that guilty number,
Your destruction doth not slumber.
- 8 Fellow sinner, go with me ;
My heart's enlarged to receive you ;
Slight not mercy offer'd free,
Come to Jesus ; he'll relieve you :
But if you offer'd grace refuse,
And will destruction ever choose ;
Unhappy soul, your guilt and blood,
Will rest on your defenceless head :
Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow,
May be yours before to-morrow.
- 9 Mourner, see your Saviour stand,
With arms expanding to receive you ;

He spreads for you his bleeding hands,
 Venture on him, he'll relieve you;
 Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
 The door of mercy's open wide;
 The fountain flows which saves from sin,
 Come now, believe, and enter in.
 Don't distrust your blessed Saviour;
 Come, believe, and live for ever.

HYMN 69. C. M. D.

- 1 **C**OME all ye mourning pilgrims now,
 The joyful news I'll tell;
 The Lord hath sent salvation down,
 To save our souls from hell;
 The angels brought the tidings down,
 To shepherds in the field,
 That God to man is reconciled.
 His Son to men reveal'd.
 Sing glory, honour to the Lamb,
 Salvation to our King;
 Let all that's wash'd in Jesu's blood,
 His glorious praises sing.
- 2 Come, all ye poor despised souls,
 Unto his fold repair;
 Where God his boundless love unfolds,
 And says he'll meet us there.
 His glorious presence fills our souls
 With songs of loudest praise;
 Let all that want a Saviour dear,
 Their hearts and voices raise.
- 3 There's glory, glory in my soul,
 It came from heaven above;
 Which makes me praise my God so bold,
 And his dear children love.
 I'll serve the bleeding Lamb of God,
 I love his ways so well,
 Because his precious blood was shed
 To save my soul from hell.
- 4 When weeping Mary came to seek
 Her Lord, with a perfume,
 The napkin and the sheet she found
 Together in the tomb;

The angel said, he is not here :
 He's risen from the dead ;
 And streams of grace to sinners flow
 As free as did his blood.

HYMN 70. P. M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
 With love and thanksgiving fall down at
 thy feet ;
 The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
 To thee my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my Lord,
 I love thee my Saviour, I trust in thy word ;
 I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
 But how much I love thee I never can show.
- 3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wond'rous account,
 My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,
 I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
 With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.
- 4 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest ;
 Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my
 song,
 Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my
 tongue.
- 5 O who is like Jesus ? he is Salem's bright king,
 He smiles and he loves me, and learns me to sing ;
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud
 and shrill,
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

HYMN 71. P. M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
 For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign ;
 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my love,
 Nothing richer possess'd by the angels above.
- 2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find ;
 And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
 My Jesus reliev'd me, and bid me not fear

- 3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals here ever must fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I am rais'd into raptures while praising his name.
- 4 I find him in singing, he is present in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, may we never part,
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
- 5 If ever I lov'd thee, 'tis now my dear Lord,
I love thy dear children, thy ways and thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from wo.
- 6 When happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to declare;
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I would fly,
And praise him in mansions prepared on high.

HYMN 72. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the Rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath :
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 73. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear,
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heav'n might hear.
 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust,
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 2 O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there!
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 With my last lab'ring breath :
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
 My joy in life and death.

HYMN 74. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart with love inflame,
 That I may in thy holy name,
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
 While I have breath to raise my voice :
 Then will I shout, then will I sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring,
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,
 On that eternal, happy shore.
- 2 O hope of glory, Jesus, come,
 And make my heart thy constant home;
 For the small remnant of my days
 I want to sing and shout thy praise.
 O give me, Lord, a heart to pray,
 And live rejoicing ev'ry day ;
 To give thee thanks in ev'ry thing,
 And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
- 3 When on my dying bed I lay,
 Lord give me strength to shout and pray ;
 And praise thee with my latest breath,
 Until my voice is lost in death.

Then brethren, sisters, shouting come,
 My body follow to the tomb:
 And as you march the solemn road,
 Loud sing and shout the praise of God.

- 4 Then you below, and I above,
 We'll shout and praise the God we love,
 Until the great tremendous day,
 When Gabriel's trump shall wake your clay;
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
 And shout, O death where is thy sting?
 O grave, where is thy victory?
 We'll shout to all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,
 Then shall the Sov'reign of the skies,
 With smiles, unto his children say,
 Come reign with me in endless day.
 Then on that happy, happy shore,
 We'll shout and sing our sufferings o'er,
 We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
 And make the heavenly arches ring.

HYMN 75. P. M.

- 1 **D**ROOPING souls no longer grieve,
 Heaven is propitious;
 If in Christ you do believe,
 You will find him precious.
 Jesus, he is passing by,
 Calling mourners to him;
 He has died for you and me,
 Now look up and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
 Flows the healing lotion,
 See the consolating tide,
 Boundless as the ocean.
 Feel the living waters move,
 O ye sick and dying,
 Now resolve to gain his love,
 Or to perish, trying.
- 3 Grace's store is full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden:
 Jesus calls, Come unto me
 Ye weary, heavy laden:

Though your sins like mountains high
Rise and reach to heaven;
Soon as you on Christ rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now methinks, I hear one say,

I will go and prove him,
If he take my sins away—
Surely I shall love him:
Now I see the Saviour smile,
He removes my burden,
All's of grace—though I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy how it roll'd,

Now I know, I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it;
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
O the wond'rous story,
I was lost, but now I'm found,
Glory, glory, glory.

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,

Saints are bound to love him:
Sinners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.
Hasten to my Saviour's blood,
Feel it, and declare it;
O that I could sing so loud
That all the world might hear it.

7 Should no greater joys be known

In the upper region,
Still I'd strive to travel on
In this pure religion.
Heaven now, and heaven then;
Glory here and yonder,
Brightest seraphs shout Amen
While the angels wonder.

HYMN 76. C. M. D.

1 **I**'M on the road to Canaan, I'll bid this world
farewell,
Come on my fellow travellers, in spite of earth
or hell.

- Though Satan's army rages, and all his hosts
combine,
Yet scripture doth engage us the strength of love
divine.
- 2 I'll blow the silver trumpet—on all the nations
call,
For Christ has me commissioned, to say he died
for all.
Come try his love and prove him; you shall the
gift obtain;
He will not send you empty, nor let you come in
vain.
- 3 And if you want a witness, we have one close
at hand
Who lately has experienc'd the glories of the
land—
It comes in copious showers our bodies can't
contain,
It fills our ransom'd powers, and soon we'll drink
again.
- 4 The glories of that kingdom my soul can ne'er
describe,
I feel that it's within me the blood so free ap-
plied,—
O come unto my Saviour, and you shall taste his
love,
'Tis sweeter than all earthly things, just coming
from above.
- 5 My soul looks up and sees him smile—he now
the blessing sends;
And I am thinking all the while, when will my
sorrows end—
I contemplate it won't be long, till he shall come
again,
Then I will join the heavenly throng, and in
God's kingdom reign.
- 6 The glories of that happy place, I've ofttimes
felt before,
But what I feel is just a taste, and makes me
long for more—
Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly and be at rest;
Then would I soar to worlds on high, and dwell
among the just.

- 7 O, could I gain my heavenly home, and ne'er
return again,
I could not think the season long, that I had
suffer'd pain—
The sons of Zion marching home, along the
heavenly street,
There would I hail them as they come, and fall
at Jesus' feet.
- 8 Says Faith, look yonder, see the crown laid up
in heaven above—
Says Hope, it shortly shall be mine—I long to
wear 't, says Love—
Desire says, it is my crown, then to that place
I'll flee;
I cannot bear a longer stay; my rest I fain would
see.
- 9 But stop, says Patience, rest a while, the crown's
for them that fight,
The prize for them that run the race by Faith,
and not by sight:
Thus Faith doth take a pleasing view—Hope
waits—Love sits and sings;
Desire she flutters to be gone, but Patience clips
her wings.

HYMN 77. P. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I be affrighted at pestilence or
war,
The fiercer be the tempest the sooner it is o'er.
With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in vain,
They only will convey me to yon Elysian plain,
With glory in my soul.
- 2 This is a land of dangers, and foes they press me
hard,
But Jesus, he has promised that he will be my
guard:
Then I shall not be tempted above what I can
bear,
When fighting's done, escorted his kingdom for
to share,
With glory in my soul.
- 3 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my hope;
I'll try, like holy Moses, to gain the mountain top,

There at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness to
die—

And then ascend to heaven, to reign above the
sky,

With glory in my soul.

4 From him I have my orders, and while I do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit illuminates my way;

The way is so delightful I wish to travel on,
Till I am call'd away to receive a starry crown,

With glory in my soul.

5 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do not
know,

To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have to do:
I grieve to see my failings, but he does all for-
give,

Which makes me love him more, and by faith in
him I live,

With glory in my soul.

6 Though sinners do despise me, and laugh at
what I say,

I find a little number walks with me in the way:
Come on, come on, my brethren, they laugh at
Jesus too,

The crown appears before me, and heaven is in
my view,

With glory in my soul.

7 We soon shall gain fair Canaan, and on that
happy shore,

Beyond the reach of sorrow, we'll shout for
evermore;

There walk the golden pavement, and blood-
wash'd garments wear,

And to increase our pleasure, our Jesus will be
there,

With glory in my soul.

8 My song I must conclude, though it's against my
will,

I want to have the power to sing while I can
feel—

I long to see the time, when immortal I shall be,
And shout and shout his praises through vast
ETERNITY!

With glory in my soul.

HYMN 78. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME listening angels, attend while I sing
The wonders of Jesus, my conquering king ;
Great things for my soul he surely has done,
All glory to God for the gift of his Son.
- 2 I wander'd in darkness a stranger to God,
Neglected his calls and despised his word ;
In romances and novels I thought I should gain
Some knowledge of pleasure and honour obtain.
- 3 At length the gospel trumpet did sound in my
ears,
And thunders from heaven awakened my fears ;
The tears of repentance then freely did run,
For slighting the Saviour, alas ! I'm undone.
- 4 One evening, while musing, these words came
with power,
O do not be troubled, nor doubt any more ;
Believe in the word, believe also in me,
In my Father's house there's a mansion for
thee.
- 5 'Tis the voice of my Saviour, my soul then did
cry,
On Calvary he suffered, and for me did die ;
His five bleeding wounds are now pleading
for me,
He offers me pardon, he bids me be free.
- 6 My soul is now anchor'd in the fountain of love,
My heart and my treasure's in heaven above ;
Through grace I'm determin'd I ne'er will
give o'er,
Till safely I'm landed on Canaan's blest shore.

HYMN 79. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME brethren and sisters, that love my dear
Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word ;
What a wonder of mercy ! behold now I see
What a tender kind Saviour has done for poor me.
- 2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,
I thought that in torments I soon should be cast,

- No peace to my conscience, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.
- 3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died ;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied :
The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.
- 4 On my low bended knees before God I did fall,
And glory to Jesus, for he 's all in all ;
The heart of his rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon
earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth ;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
Oh, witness kind heaven, on this my birth day.
- 6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground ;
The time of refreshing at length I have found ;
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy
charms,
Let me die like old Simeon, with Christ in my
arms.

HYMN 80. P. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood ;
And my troubled, weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee my God.
- 2 I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin or Satan cannot harm me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 3 Now I'll sing of Jesu's merit,
Tell the world of his dear name ;
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
- 4 He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find ;
Who of comfort is bereaved,
Jesus never casts behind.
- 5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father and our God :

Now for us he 's interceding,
As the purchase of his blood

- 6 Now methinks I hear him praying,
"Father spare them, I have died:"
And the Father answers, saying,
"They are freely justified."

HYMN 81. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary travellers,
And let us join to sing
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ, our king.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome, 'tis true;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
He called us unto him,
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin:
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them,
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness;
Where we might soon have fainted,
In that enchanted ground;
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.
- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
Give life, and joy, and peace;
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase.
Confess our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey,
Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on.
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone.
In peace and consolation,
We're going to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people
For ever be our choice.

6 Sinners, why stand ye idle,
While we do march along?
Has conscience never told you
That you are going wrong—
Down the broad road to ruin,
To bear an endless curse?
Forsake your ways of sinning,
And come along with us.

7 But if you will refuse us,
We'll bid you all farewell;
We're on the way to Canaan,
And you the way to hell;
We're sorry for to leave you,
We'd rather you would go;
Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And feel salvation flow.

8 O sinners, be awaken'd
To see your dismal state:
Repent and be converted,
Before it is too late;
Turn to the Lord by praying,
And daily search his word;
And never rest contented,
Until you find the Lord.

9 Now to the king immortal
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service
We mean to spend our days;
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The celestial world above,
With everlasting praises,
To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 82. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME and taste, along with me,
Consolation running free,
From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.
- 2 Wherefore should I feast alone,
Two are better still than one ;
The more comes in with a free, good will,
Makes the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the New Jerusalem,
And by a constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth, and heaven both.
- 5 Saints in glory sing aloud,
For to see an heir of God !
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making of the number more.
- 6 Now my body doth its best,
For to keep me back from Christ ;
But a treasure coming in,
Doth oppose my inbred sin.
- 7 Sinful nature, hatching vice ;
Cannot stop the force of grace ;
Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.
- 8 Heaven's here and heaven's there,
Comfort's flowing every where !
This I boldly do profess,
That my soul hath got a taste.
- 9 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume !
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

HYMN 83. P. M.

- 1 **N**OW glory be to God, we can hear with great
delight,
The preachers of the gospel, who preach with all
their might;
They explain the Holy Scriptures, the word of
the Lord,
And power divine attends it right to the sinner's
heart.
- 2 While many have been disputing about an out-
ward form,
The Lord sent forth preachers to sound the great
alarm;
Repent and be converted, O! sinners, sinners
turn,
Or else in the wrath of God you will for ever
burn.
- 3 And now this glorious news is heard, all the
plains around,
The mountains and valleys reverberate the
sound,
And thousands in America, at present do rejoice,
That they were so greatly favour'd to hear the
bridegroom's voice.
- 4 O! come my loving Christians and let us fol-
low on,
And still pray to God for the itinerant men,
That God may keep them faithful, and give them
wisdom too,
That with singleness of heart they may force
their passage through.
- 5 O! come my loving brethren, with wonder now
look on,
And see what a mighty work our Jesus has done.
The multitudes are thronging, our churches are
too small,
We'll repair to Camp-meeting, for the grove will
hold us all.
- 6 How pleasant is the sight to see Israel's tents
around,
And many a precious soul lay prostrate on the
ground;

- While others are a shouting the praises of the
Lord,
And sinners are awakened by the Spirit's two-
edg'd sword.
- 7 The Pharisees and Formalists look on and
stand amazed,
They wonder what 's the matter with the shout-
ing Methodists;
But if they would repent, and believe in the
Lord,
They also would go shouting and praising their
God.
- 8 Now glory be to God, there is glory in my soul ;
If I had a trumpet's voice I'd sound from pole
to pole,
That Israel's God is reigning throughout this
happy land,
And thousands of precious souls do bow at his
command.

HYMN 84. S. M.

- 1 **P**REPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name !
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame !.
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.
- 3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay :
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and filth away.
- 4 And now he pleading stands
For us before the throne,
And answers all the law's demands,
With what himself hath done.
- 5 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move ;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

- 6 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth, engage
Protection for our souls.
- 7 Though press'd, we will not yield,
But shall prevail at length;
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.
- 8 Assured that Christ our king
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

HYMN 85. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,
That bears the fruits of righteousness,
And kept by Jesus' power;
Their trespasses are all forgiven,
They antedate the joys of heaven:
In rapturous lays
Shout the praise
Of Jesus' grace
To a lost race
Of sinners, brought to happiness
Through th' atoning blood of Jesus.
- 2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,
And all the powers of earth besiege;
Their united strength at once engage
To pluck a soul from Jesus:
The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
He's heaven bound, he's heaven born,
He'll watch and pray,
Night and day,
Fight his way,
Win the day,
And all his enemies dismay,
Through the mighty name of Jesus.
- 3 Oh monster death, thy sting is drawn!
O boasting grave! no trophy's won!
The saint triumphs through grace alone,
To praise the name of Jesus.

At length he bids the world adieu,
 With all its vanity and show—
 The soul it flies
 Through the skies,
 To paradise,
 And joins its voice,
 In rapturous lays of love, to praise
 The glorious name of Jesus.

- 4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
 And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
 And swear that time is at an end,
 Ye dead, arise to judgment.
 See lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
 The earth wrapt like a parchment scroll;
 Comets blaze
 Sinners raise
 Dread amaze
 And horrors seize,
 The guilty sons of Adam's race,
 Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.
- 5 The Christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,
 'Midst flaming world he mounts on high,
 To meet his Saviour in the sky,
 And see the face of Jesus.
 Then soul and body reunite,
 And fill'd with glory infinite:
 Blessed day!
 Christians, say—
 Will you pray
 That we may
 All join that happy company,
 To praise the name of Jesus?

HYMN 86. P. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus, I'm fill'd with his
 praises,
 Come, oh my dear brethren, and help me to sing;
 No theme is so charming, no love is so warming,
 It gives joy and gladness, and comfort within.
- 2 Hosanna is ringing; I'm happy while singing
 And shouting the praises of Jesus's name;
 The angels in glory repeat the glad story
 Of Jesus's love, which is made known to men.

- 3 Hosanna to Jesus, who died to redeem us,
I'll serve him and love him wherever I go,
He's now gone to heaven, the spirit he's given
To quicken and comfort his children below.
- 4 Hosanna for ever, his grace like a river,
Is rising and spreading all over the land:
His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,
And sinners are feeling the heavenly flame.
- 5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases
To see sinners falling and crying to God:
Then shouting and praising, they cry, "'Tis
amazing,
We've found peace and pardon in Jesus's blood."
- 6 Hosanna is ringing, hark how they are singing!
"All glory to Jesus, we've tasted his love."
The kingdom of heaven to mortals is given,
And rolls through my soul from the mansions
above.
- 7 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul feels him precious;
In bright beams of glory, he comes from above.
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love flow-
ing:
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.
- 8 Hosanna is ringing, the saints now are singing,
And marching to glory in bright royal bands:
Come on, my dear brethren, let us press towards
heaven,
For Jesus invites us with crowns in his hands.
- 9 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul sweetly rises,
I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,
Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell in his pre-
sence,
And with him in glory eternally shine.

HYMN 87. P. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King,
Let all prepare to take him in;
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,
And all the world with praises ring,
And give to Jesus glory.

- 2 I long to see the Christians join
In union sweet, and peace divine,
When every church with grace shall shine,
And grow to Christ, the living vine,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 3 Come, parents, children, bond and free,
Come, will you go to heaven with me,
'That glorious land of rest to see,
And shout with me eternally,
And give to Jesus glory?
- 4 My soul feels happy while I sing :
I feel that I am on the wing :
I'll shout salvation to my king,
'Till I to heaven my trophies bring,
And there we'll give him glory.
- 5 A few more days of pain and wo,
A few more suffering scenes below,
And then to Jesus we shall go,
Where everlasting pleasures flow,
And there we'll give him glory.
- 6 The awful trumpet soon will sound,
And shake the vast creation round,
And call the nations under ground ;
And all the saints shall then be crown'd,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 7 Ten thousand thunders then shall roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole ;
How dreadful to the guilty soul !
But nothing shall the saints control,
They'll give to Jesus glory.
- 8 Then tears shall all be wiped away ;
Then Christians ne'er shall go astray ;
When we are freed from cumb'rous clay,
We'll praise the Lord in endless day,
And give to Jesus glory.
- 9 There all the saints shall join in one,
And sing with Moses round the throne ;
Their troubles are for ever gone,
They'll shine with God's eternal Son,
And give to Jesus glory.

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their groans affect his ears ;
 He has a book for their complaints,
 A bottle for their tears.
- 2 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night,
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 3 Let those who sow in sadness, wait
 'Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great
 And shout the blessing home.

HYMN 89. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of thy love ;
 Sweet to look upwards to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
 In life's fair book set down ;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid ;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
 Which saves from second death ;
 Sweet to experience day by day,
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;

Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
, Immediately from thee !

HYMN 90. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In ev'ry condition, in sickness, and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
" As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 " When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee o'erflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 " When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 " E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be borne.
- 7 " The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to
shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

HYMN 91. P. M.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man
save,
Surrounded with troubles, with terror dismay'd,
With toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
Loud roaring, the billows now nigh thee o'er-
whelm,
But skilful the pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power shall defend,
'Tis he all victorious, thy warfare shall end.
- 2 O fearful, O faithless, in mercy he cries,
What though high the surges t' affright thee
arise;
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tossings and tempests I'll bring thee to
land.
Forget thee I will not, I care for thy name,
Engrav'd on my heart, it shall ever remain;
The palms of my hands, when I look on, I see
The wounds I receiv'd when I suffer'd for thee.
- 3 The fearful, the faithless, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
Through great tribulation my people I bring,
And when they reach heaven the louder they'll
sing.
I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans!
For thou art most nigh me, my flesh and my
bones;
In all my afflictions, though great is my pain,
They all are most needful, not one is in vain.
- 4 The day of eternal salvation draws near,
When Jesus our leader, will dry every tear,
Our bodies and souls shall his glory partake,
When the trumpet shall sound, and the nations
awake.
Fight on ye old soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd,
The war will be ended, your treasure enlarg'd;
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may
roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan and stand on the shore.

HYMN 92. C. M.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
"Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee."

HYMN 93. P. M.

- 1 **B**E GONE! unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me quite
through.
- 4 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food,
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,
And then, O how pleasant, the conqueror's song.

HYMN 94. S. M.

- 1 **W**HITHER go'st thou, Pilgrim stranger,
Passing through this darksome vale?

Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

I am bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah, hallelujah.

- 2 Pilgrim, thou dost justly call me,
Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide;
Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.
- 3 Such a guide!—no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If a guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
- 4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
Such a Guide my steps attends,
He'll in ev'ry straight relieve me,
He from every harm defends.
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?
- 6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I bend,
There to plunge will be delightful—
There my pilgrimage will end.
- 7 While I gaz'd—with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight:
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel, cloth'd with light.

HYMN 95. L. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a heav'n o'er yonder skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies,
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again it's not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.
- 2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

- 3 I travel, through a world of foes
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 4 The way of dangers I am in,
Beset with devils, men, and sin;
But in this way thy track I see,
And mark'd with blood it seems to be.
- 5 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
- 6 Then, O my soul arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Saviour, friend, and king;
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "press on and here's the crown"
- 7 "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."
- 8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last joyful trump shall sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

HYMN 96. P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A light has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger,
But it's the path that leads to God;
Then like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.
Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breast-plate, and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I gain the heav'nly field.

- 3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guarded by my Saviour's hand;
O come along, dear sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell!
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell.
- 4 The vale of tears surround me,
And Jordan's current rolls before,
O how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar!
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there:
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair.
- 5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave;
If Jesus will stand by me,
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's waves:
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
O may this friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail.
- 6 Then come, thou king of terror,
And with thy weapons lay me low!
I soon shall reach that region,
Where everlasting pleasures flow.
Now, Christians, I must leave you,
A few more days to suffer here!
Through grace I soon shall meet you—
My soul exults—I'm almost there.
- 7 Soon the archangel's trumpet
Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll.
Then I shall see my Saviour
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his ransom'd people home.

HYMN 97. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH joy let each afflicted saint
This cheering truth behold ;
That when he's tried he shall not faint,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 2 This privilege, oh Lord ! I claim,
Nor am I here too bold,
That from the trying, fiery flame,
I may come forth as gold.
- 3 What though the furnace burns on high,
Still to this truth I 'll hold,
'Tis but design'd my soul to try,
I shall come forth as gold.
- 4 Herein his wisdom and his love,
Will God to me unfold ;
And from the furnace I shall prove,
He 'll bring me forth as gold.
- 5 He 'll kindly thus consume my dross,
So in this world I 'm told ;
Nor can I suffer real loss,
But shall come forth as gold.
- 6 Thus he 'll conform me to his word,
And cast me in that mould ;
And through the goodness of my Lord
I shall come forth as gold.
- 7 Thus will I sing his praises here,
Whose mercies are of old ;
And when in glory I appear,
I shall come forth as gold.

HYMN 98. L. M.

- 1 **I**N God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice,
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true,
" I, even I, will comfort you."
- 2 Sweet words ! oh let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim ;
These words shall foes and fears subdue,
" I, even I, will comfort you."
- 3 Are you in darkness and distress ?
Does Satan roar and break your peace ?

- Fear not, but still the truth review,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 4 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
 And pungent sorrow day by day?
 Look to this word, 'twill bear you through,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 5 If death in gloomy form appear,
 And overwhelm your souls with fear;
 Let this sweet word your faith renew,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 6 Thus while you sojourn here below,
 As pilgrims in this world of wo;
 Make this your song, your journey through,
 "I, even I, will comfort you."
- 7 And when each happy soul attains,
 That blissful state where glory reigns,
 This song shall all his powers employ,
 "God is my comfort and my joy."

HYMN 99. L. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, renounce your fears;
 Lo! Jesus for your help appears,
 And loudly speaks, as he draws nigh,
 "Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"
- 2 When in the awful tempest tost,
 You feel your strength and courage lost,
 And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
 Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*
- 3 When mournful tidings come from far,
 Or nations raise tumultuous war,
 And wide their devastations spread,
 Yet he is near, *be not afraid.*
- 4 The famine, pestilence, and sword,
 Are all obedient to his word;
 He, riding on the stormy sky,
 Says, "Fear ye not, for *it is I.*"
- 5 When earthly joys are from you torn,
 Or when with heartfelt grief you mourn,
 To see your dear relations dead;
 Yet Jesus lives, *be not afraid.*

- 6 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same ;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.
- 7 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames consume the guilty world,
E'en then your Judge will smiling cry,
"Be not afraid, for *it is I.*"

HYMN 100. C. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord," is still the strain
My heart delights to sing ;
Though oft my heart suggests again,
"Perhaps 'tis no such thing."
- 2 Before the power of love divine,
Creation fades away ;
'Till only God is seen to shine,
In all that we survey.
- 3 Nor exile I, nor prison fear,
Love makes my courage great ;
I find a Saviour every where,
His grace in every state.
- 4 Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude his quick'ning beams ;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes.
- 5 A Saviour kindles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains,
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me, and sustains.
- 6 I fear no ill, resent no wrong,
Nor feel a passion move,
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue ;
Such patience is in love.

HYMN 101. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;

Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim;
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes,
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God does thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

HYMN 102. C. M. D.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour,
With better hopes be fill'd:
Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life hath flow'd,
That mercy I adore.
- 2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my heart more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee:
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
I still would find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my heart shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
My soul shall meet thy will:

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The low'ring storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart is fix'd on thee.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

HYMN 103. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of war I pray draw near,
And list as general volunteers,
Become our royal brothers here,
I mean as valiant soldiers ;
You'll enter into present pay,
And feasting live from day to day ;
Then turn about and march away,
And Jesus will support you.
- 2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,
Who long have trod in folly's ways,
O turn about to Zion's face,
And meet Apollyon's forces ;
Gird on your sword and glittering shield,
And with your helmet take the field,
And fight your way, and never yield,
And Jesus will support you.
- 3 The bounty you shall have in hand,
If you'll enlist in Jesu's band,
Your captain in the front will stand,
And beat your foes before you ;
Come throw your rebel weapons down,
And seek for honour and renown,
And you shall wear a starry crown,
For Jesus will support you.
- 4 You long have been the slaves of sin,
With dire corruption deep within,
The Christian warfare now begin,
And face Apollyon's forces ;

- The breast-plate take of righteousness,
 Your feet be shod with gospel peace,
 Be daily at the throne of grace,
 And Jesus will support you.
- 5 Desert the cause of heaven's foe,
 Before you plunge in endless wo,
 Now courage take, to Jesus go,
 And he will now receive you;
 From sin and Satan you'll get free,
 And happy seasons you shall see,
 And gain the Christian's liberty,
 For Jesus will support you.
- 6 No more in Satan's ranks appear,
 But to our banner pray draw near,
 We'll win the day, you need not fear,
 Though earth and hell and oppose us;
 Our captain he is always brave,
 And able still his men to save;
 He conquered death, hell, and the grave,
 And he will still support you.
- 7 O, let not sinners you affright,
 Although they rage and vent their spite,
 Wear but the Christian's armour right,
 And none can stand before you;
 Although your parents should oppose,
 Your dearest friends become your foes,
 Yet sweetly with the gospel close,
 And Jesus will support you.
- 8 And when the war is at an end,
 Our captain still will be our friend,
 We'll wing our way and up ascend,
 To reign with him in glory:
 Then all our tears be wip'd away,
 Our night be turn'd to endless day,
 And on our golden harps we'll play,
 The joyful song of heaven.

HYMN 104. P. M.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountains,
 Of everlasting love?

When shall I be deliver'd,
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in ?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders
 And tells me not to fear,
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd,
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly :
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them all adieu ;
 And you my friends prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles,
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.
- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend ;
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend ;
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

HYMN 105. P. M.

- 1 **L**IFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends,
 And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;
 Let nothing cause you to delay,
 But hasten on the good old way.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
 And glory be to God on high;
 And I'll sing hallelujah,
 There's glory beaming through the sky.

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
 Shall not prevent our victory,
 If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
 Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 O good old way ! how sweet thou art,
 May none of us from thee depart,
 But may our actions always say,
 We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
 Our happiness for to destroy,
 Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
 And shout and sing the good old way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
 And view by faith the promis'd land,
 Then we may sing and shout and pray,
 And march along the good old way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend,
 Remember glory's at the end ;
 Our God will wipe all tears away,
 When we have run the good old way.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
 We'll meet with those who've gone before
 And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
 By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 106. L. M.

- 1 **A** SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
 Thou art my Captain, King, and Head,
 And under thee I mean to fight,
 The fight of faith with all my might.
 The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,
 The ensign of the conquering Lord,
 The Christian soldier's standard is,
 And I will fight for king Jesus.
- 2 Thou art my guard, keep me I pray,
 That I may march the heavenly way;

- Nor from my duty e'er depart,
But live to Christ with all my heart;
Grant me the weapon of thy word,
Thy powerful Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
To slay my foes where'er they be,
And own the victory won by thee.
- 3 O make me, Lord, what I should be,
To boldly face the enemy;
That when alarm'd to call the Lord,
And pass thy word to all the guard;
Help me to walk in humbleness,
March to the right in holiness;
O make me pure and spotless too,
And fit to stand the grand review.
- 4 That when our General shall come,
With sound of trumpet not of drum,
'Tis then our well dress'd ranks shall stand
In full review at God's right hand.
And when the enemy gets the rout,
And are wheel'd by him to th' left about,
Then we'll march up to the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesu's feet.
- 5 The war is o'er, and we are free,
To join the blood-wash'd company;
Our wages shall be crowns of gold,
And joys of heaven that can't be told.
There like our glorious Lord we'll shine,
In heavenly concert we shall join,
And praises on the highest key,
Shall be our theme eternally.

HYMN 107. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E soldiers of Jesus pray stand to your arms,
Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarms,
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers and see,
The standard and colours of sweet liberty.
- 2 Tho' Satan's black trumpet is sounding so near,
Take courage brave soldiers, his armies we dare:
In the strength of King Jesus we dare him to
fight,
We'll put his black armies of aliens to flight.

In the mount of salvation, in Christ's armoury,
There's swords, shields, and breast-plates, and
helmets for thee ;

Be not faint-heart though he roars like a flood,
He'll not stand before the bright armies of God.

4 To battle, to battle, the trumpets doth sound,
The watchmen are crying fair Zion around :
The signal for vict'ry! hark! hark! from the sky ;
Shout, shout ye brave armies, the watchmen all
cry.

5 As the great Goliah, Apollyon shall fall ;
With the sword of the Spirit we'll conquer them
all ;
We'll leave no opposers alive in the field,
By the strength of Jehovah we'll force them to
yield.

6 Thro' Jesus, our wisdom, we'll baffle his rage,
My heart beats for conquest, come soldiers
engage ;
The trumpets are sounding—the armies appear,
We'll not leave one standing from front to the
rear.

7 King Jesus is riding the white horse before,
The watchmen close after, the trumpet doth roar :
Some shouting, some singing, salvation they cry,
In the strength of King Jesus all hell we defy.

8 Fair Zion's a shouting to her conq'ring King,
Salvation to Jesus, the armies doth sing :
Apollyon we've conquer'd and sunk in the flood :
O who can withstand the bright armies of God ?

9 Behold all the armies are now marching home,
God's trumpet is sounding, and bids them to come,
All Zion's fair armies together doth meet,
And lay down their armour at Jesus's feet.

10 The angelic army with Zion combines ;
In robes of bright glory eternally shines ;
All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright
shore,
Where wars and commotions can reach them no
more.

- 11 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, the time's drawing
nigh,
When we shall meet Jesus' bright host in the sky;
Our friends and relations in Jesus so dear,
Both preachers and people shall then meet us
there.
- 12 We'll join the bright harpers in anthems divine,
Whose crowns with bright diamonds the sun
doth outshine;
To the praise of King Jesus we'll tune our harps
then:
Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.

HYMN 108. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK! listen to the trumpeters,
They call for volunteers;
On Zion's bright and flowery mount,
Behold the officers.
- 2 Their horses white, their armours bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.
- 3 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier for to be,
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
- 4 We want no cowards in our bands,
That will their colours fly;
We call for valiant-hearted men
That's not afraid to die.
- 5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform
They look like men of war.
- 6 They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.
- 7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God t'adore,
The great Immanuel.

- 8 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.
- 9 There on a green and flowery mound,
Where fruits immortal grow,
With angels all array'd in white,
And our Redeemer know.
- 10 We'll shout and sing for evermore,
In that eternal world,
While Satan and his army too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.
- 11 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth and sky.
- 12 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
And leave the world on fire;
And all surround the throne of love,
And join the heavenly choir.

HYMN 109. C. M.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 110. P. M.

- 1 **D**ARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day;
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary,
Of the roughness of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you.
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne,
He who dy'd his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll:
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole;
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.
- 4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest;
Love and joy, and peace for ever
Reign and triumph in your breast:
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high;
They on golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky!
- 5 Millions there of flaming seraphs,
Fly across the heav'nly plain,
There they sing immortal praises,
Glory, glory is their strain.

But methinks a sweeter concert,
 Makes the heavenly arches ring;
 And the song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.

- 6 O their crowns! how bright they sparkle,
 Such as monarchs never wore :
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
 Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 111. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E weary, heavy laden souls
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore :
 Through chilling winds, and beating rain,
 The water deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you,
 Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
 The desert all around,
 And fiery serpents oft appear
 Through the enchanted ground :
 Dark nights and clouds and gloomy fear,
 And dragons often roar,
 But while the gospel trump we hear,
 We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
 Who mourns her absent mate ;
 From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
 Her sorrows to relate.
 But Canaan's land is just before,
 Sweet spring is coming on,
 A few more beating winds and rains,
 And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
 Black Jordan's billows roar ;
 Which often make the pilgrims fear,
 They never will get o'er ;

But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain,
To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land,
The trees of life, with heav'nly fruit
In beauteous order stand.
The wintry time is past and gone,
Sweet flowers doth appear;
The fiftieth year hath now roll'd round,
The great Sabbatick year.

6 O, what a glorious sight appears,
To my believing eyes;
Methinks I see Jerusalem,
A city in the skies:
Bright angels whisp'ring me away,
"O come, my brother come,"
And I am willing to be gone
To my eternal home.

7 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound:
And should we never meet again
Till the jubilee shall sound,
I hope that I shall meet you there,
On that delightful shore;
In oceans of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.

HYMN 112. P. M.

1 **C**OME all ye wand'ring pilgrims dear
That's bound for Canaan's land;
Take courage and fight valiantly,
Stand forth with sword in hand.
Our Captain's gone before us,
The Father's only Son;
Then Pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
But let us follow on.

2 We've a dark and howling wilderness,
'Twixt this and Canaan's shore:
A land of droughts, and pits, and snares,
Where hideous dangers roar:

But Jesus will attend us,
And guard us in the way;
If enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.

3 "Good morning, brother traveller,
Pray tell me what's your name;
And where is it you're going to,
Also from whence you came?"

"My name it is Bold Pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound;
I'm from the howling wilderness,
From that enchanted ground."

4 "Pray what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright?
Likewise the covering of your breast,
That's dazzling to my sight?
What kind of shoes are them you wear,
On which you boldly stand?
Likewise that shining instrument,
You bear in your right hand?"

5 "'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield;
With this bright sword I mean to fight
Until I win the field;
My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand!
And I'm resolv'd to fight till death,
And win fair Canaan's land."

6 "You'd better stay with me Pilgrim,
And give your journey o'er;
Your Captain, he is out of sight,
His face you'll see no more:
My name it is Apollyon,
This land belongs to me,
And for your arms and pilgrim dress
I'll give it all to thee."

7 "O no," says the bold pilgrim, "sir,
Your offer I disdain;
For a glitt'ring crown of glory bright,
I shortly shall obtain.
If I but hold out faithful
To my dear Lord's command,

I jointly shall be heir with him
In Canaan's happy land.

- 8 " 'Tis true, indeed, I am not freed,
From enemies as yet;
But by the grace of God I stand,
With them beneath my feet:
Now I rejoice with a loud voice
In hope of victory:
And to God's grace I'll give the praise
To all eternity."

HYMN 113. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.
We're all united heart and hand,
Join'd in one band completely;
We're marching through Immanuel's land
Where the waters flow most sweetly.
- 2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Though hell may rage and vent its spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
And call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the world in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The world must hear and know her doom;
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,
While Christ, the judge, these words proclaims,
"Here comes my saints, I own their names.
- 6 "Ye everlasting gates fly wide;
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye harps of heaven now sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood."
- 7 In grandeur see the the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine;

See saints and angels joined in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.

- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

HYMN 114. L. M.

- 1 **I**'VE 'listed in the holy war,
Sing glory, glory, hallelujah.
Content to suffer soldiers' fare ;
Sing glory. &c.
The banner over me is love,
Sing glory, &c.
I draw my rations from above.
Sing glory, &c.
- 2 I've fought through many a battle sore,
And I must fight through many more ;
I'll take my breastplate, sword, and shield,
And boldly march into the field.
- 3 I've 'listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight ;
And when the victory I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.
- 4 Come, Christian heroes, go with me ;
Come, face the foe, and never flee ;
The heavenly battle is begun,
Come, take the field and wear the crown.
- 5 With 'listing orders I am come—
Come rich, come poor, come old and young ;
Here's bounty money Christ has given,
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.
- 6 Our General he is gone before,
And you may draw on grace's store :
But if you will not 'list and fight,
'Tis awful.
You'll sink into eternal night.
'Tis awful.

HYMN 115. P. M.

- 1 **O**H ! that I had some humble place,
Where I might hide from sorrow ;

Where I might see my Saviour's face,
 And there be freed from terror.
 Oh! had I wings like Noah's dove,
 I'd leave this world and Satan,
 And fly away to realms above,
 Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 My heart is often made to mourn,
 Because I'm faint and feeble;
 And when my Saviour seems to frown,
 My soul is fill'd with trouble
 But when he doth again return,
 And I repent my folly;
 'Tis then I after glory run,
 And still my Jesus follow.

3 I have my bitter and my sweet,
 While through this world I travel;
 Sometimes I shout, and often weep;
 Which makes my foes to marvel.
 But let them think, and think again,
 ' I feel I'm bound for heaven;
 I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
 I therefore still will praise him.
 I want to live a Christian here;
 I want to die while shouting;
 I want to feel my Saviour near,
 When soul and body's parting.
 I want to see bright angels stand,
 And waiting to receive me;
 To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
 Where Christ is gone before me.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

HYMN 116. P. M.

1 **T**HROUGH tribulation deep,
 The way to glory is;
 This stormy course I keep,
 On these tempestuous seas;
 By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
 Freight'd with grace and bound to heav'n.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in ;
But still my little ship outbraves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress,
My anchor, hope, can cast
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heav'n no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive :
Thro' storms and calms for many a day,
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heavenly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale :
And runs as much an hour, or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days and weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon,
My quadrant FAITH, I take,
To view my CHRIST, my sun,
If he the clouds should break ;
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8 The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know ;
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show :
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

- 9 I keep aloof from pride,
 These rocks I pass with care;
 I studiously avoid
 The whirlwind of despair;
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.
- 10 When through a strait I go,
 Or near some coast am drove,
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove.
My conscience is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.
- 11 My vessel would be lost,
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer;
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my steerman's skill.
- 12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
 I must a gulph pass through,
 Which fatal proves to most;
 For all this passage go.
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at the helm.
- 13 When through this gulph I get,
 (Though rough, it is but short,)
 The pilot angels meet
 And bring me into port;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 117. P. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, at thy command,
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot—wise,
 My compass is thy word;
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord;

I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye;
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast:
O may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace:
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destin'd place:
There in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 118. P. M.

1 **T**HE people called Christians, how many
things they tell,
About the land of Canaan, where saints and
angels dwell;
But sin, that dreadful ocean, compasses them
around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's
happy ground.

2 Thousands have been impatient to find their
passage through,
And with united vigour have tried what they
could do ;

But vessels built by human skill have never
sail'd afar,
Till they're found run aground on some dreadful
sandy bar.

- 3 The everlasting Gospel has launch'd the deep at
last ;
Behold her sails suspended around her towering
masts ;
Around her decks, in order, the joyful sailors
stand,
Crying O ! here we go, to Emmanuel's happy land !
- 4 To those who are spectators, what sorrow must
ensue,
To have their old companions bid them a long
adieu ;
The pleasures of a paradise no longer them
invite :
They may rail while we sail, but we'll soon be
out of sight.
- 5 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid them all
farewell,
But where we shall cast anchor, no mortal tongue
can tell :
About our future happiness there needs be no
debate,
While we ride on the tide, with our Captain and
his Mate.
- 6 We're passengers united with harmony and
love !
The wind's all in our favour, how joyfully we
move :
Though troubles may surround us, and raging
billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep, till we land on
Canaan's shore.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

HYMN 119. P. M.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion,
Floating in his languid eye.
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing;
And himself more deeply know.

HYMN 120. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;

'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise,
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 121. P. M.

1 **I** LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee my love,
I long thy salvation more fully to prove;
I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, O why?
Because my dear Saviour for sinners did die.

2 On Zion's bright mountain this news I will tell,
The strains of redemption my bosom shall swell,
With angelic ardour his love I'll proclaim,
Redemption for sinners in Jesus's name.

3 Redemption, redemption, through Zion shall ring,
In the flame of redemption, her converts shall
sing:

Redemption, redemption, through Jesus's blood,
Descending from Calv'ry and runs like a flood.

4 We'll talk of redemption while we stay below,
We'll sing of redemption when upwards we go;
When the sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd
to blood,

We'll shout full redemption in the kingdom of
God.

5 When sinking in sorrow free grace did abound,
Pursu'd by the devil, redemption we found;

Our hearts to redemption we'll tune ev'ry string,
Through heaven's high arches redemption shall
ring.

- 6 Redemption, redemption, to him that was slain;
We'll out-sing the angels in this heavenly strain:
Redemption to Jesus, for ever we'll cry,
For men, not for angels, the Saviour did die.
- 7 All glory, all glory, to Jesus's name,
All wisdom and power to the spotless Lamb,
To him that redeem'd us, the great One in Three,
Hosanna, hosanna, through eternity.
- 8 The song of creation bright angels may sing,
But we'll sing redemption to Jesus our king:
Through ages eternal these songs shall be sung,
While Jesus's glory inspires each tongue.

HYMN 122. C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET muse descend, and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove!
Business, and noise, and day are fled,
And ev'ry care but love.
- 2 'Tis no mean beauty of the grove,
That hath enslav'd my eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound
Than love below the skies.
- 3 Jesus has all my pow'rs possess'd,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear sov'reign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.
- 4 Some of the fairest choirs above,
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal's tongue.
- 5 His charms shall make my numbers flow;
And hold the falling flood,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the list'ning wood.
- 6 I'll carve his passion on the bark,
And ev'ry wounded tree,
Shall droop, and bear some mystic mark,
That Jesus died for me.

- 7 The swains shall wonder when they read,
 Inscrib'd on all the grove,
 That heav'n itself came down and bled,
 To win a mortal's love.
-

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN 123. C. M.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mix'd in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun ;
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stopp'd, and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
 And fill'd the enlarg'd desire.
- A Saviour ! let creation sing !
 A Saviour ! let all heaven ring !
 He 's God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours,
 'Tis almost done—'tis almost o'er,
 We 're joining those who 're gone before,
 We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
 Let trembling cowards fly ;
 We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fix'd,
 With Christ to live and die :
 Let devils rage, and hell assail,
 We'll force our passage through ;
 Let foes unite, and friends desert,
 We'll seize the crown, our due.
- 3 The little cloud increases still, •
 The heavens are big with rain ;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows ;
 Oh pour the mighty flood ;
 And sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

- 4 When thou shalt make thy jewels up,
 And set thy starry crown ;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 By thee proclaim'd thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be sinners saved by grace :
 From glory into glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 124. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E jewels of my Master,
 Who shine with heavenly rays,
 Amidst the beams of glory,
 Reflect immortal blaze.
 Ye diamonds of beauty,
 With pleasing lustre crown'd,
 Of heavenly extraction,
 To Zion's city bound.
- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Who feed among the lilies,
 Beside the purple flood ;
 Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
 Your journey still pursue,
 And at a humble distance
 I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 When I beheld your order,
 And harmony of soul ;
 And heard divinest numbers
 In pure devotion roll,
 And gems immortal glowing
 With such enliv'ning grace,
 I view'd the Saviour's image
 Imprest on every face.
- 4 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind,
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion joined ;
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies,
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 And soon you'll win the prize.

- 5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Releas'd from cumbrous clay.
He'll polish and refine you
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom
Will bid you enter in.
- 6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound,
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clâp your joyful hands,
Lo! you're redeem'd for ever
From death's corrupted bands.
- 7 As Aaron, with his girdle,
In shining jewels drest,
Bore all the tribes of Israel
Inscrib'd upon his breast,
So will the priests of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God their kindred own.
- 8 The golden bell shall echo
Around the sacred hill,
And sweet immortal anthems,
The vocal regions fill;
In everlasting beauty
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the rock of ages,
Amidst the promis'd land.
- 9 We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures
Be lost in love profound:
While all the flaming harpers
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 125. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free
For all mankind, as well as me
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive;
None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesu's way go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesu's throne on high:
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.
- 7 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.

Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home :
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansions there :
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 126. P. M.

1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To call thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a wretched worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?

2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be cast out,
When thou shalt for them call !

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place
In this accepted day :
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face :
The loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding music rings,
With shouts of loudest praise.

HYMN 127. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE sacred ties of friendship
Unite all loving Christians;
In glory, in glory they shall live:
No time or place shall change them,
And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
United, united are they that believe!
When Gabriel's trump is sounding,
And conquer'd death's resigning,
The scatter'd dust uniting,
The soul and body joining,
All join the grand procession,
And glory realizing,
Then happy, happy we shall be.
- 2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
The friends of Jesus shouting,
(Such raptures, raptures flow from his word!)
The angels join in concert,
While Jesus stands inviting;
Come on, come on, ye blessed of the Lord;
Behold the crowns of glory,
And saints and angels meeting,
And living streams of purest joy
For ever are increasing;
In azure fields for ever range,
And view a smiling Jesus,
Then happy, happy we shall be.
- 3 Then sinner's now lamenting;
He sees the grand procession
Now marching, marching to the dazzling throne:
His frightened soul alarmed,
He cries with looks amazed,
Farewell, farewell, I am for ever gone!
Behold a godly father,
And there a godly mother,
Who once did pray together:
They drink the streams of pleasure,
But I am lost for ever
On waves of endless sorrow,
Then torment, torment is for ever mine.

HYMN 128. C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze ?
- 2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King ;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why then do they appear so mean,
And why so much despised ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprised.
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why that's the way their Leader trod,—
They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why do they shun the pleasing path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.
- 7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

HYMN 129. P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance and time can't remove:
It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows in Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 2 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love ;

Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
 In yonder blest mansions above.
 Oh why so unwilling to part,
 Since there we shall soon meet again ?
 Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
 At a distance we cannot remain.

- 3 And when we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above ;
 Set free from our prison of clay,
 United in Jesus's love :
 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 And sing hallelujahs, amen ;
 Amen ! even so let it be.
-

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

HYMN 130. C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET to rejoice in lively hope,
 That when my change shall come,
 Angels shall hover round my bed,
 And wait my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul,
 View Jesus, and adore ;
 Be with his likeness satisfied,
 And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
 On which my guilt was lain ;
 His love intense, his merit fresh,
 As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumb'ring dust shall hear
 The trumpet's quick'ning sound ;
 And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
 At his right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
 The God that died for me :
 And all my rising bones shall say,
 Lord, who is like to thee.

- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesu's presence know !
- 7 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay ;
Till, from her earthly cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

HYMN 131. P. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture,
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture.
I dive in pleasures, deep and full
In swelling waves of glory,
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.
- 2 I feast on honey, milk and wine,
I drink perpetual sweetness ;
Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,
While Christ unfolds his glory !
No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them ;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
- 3 The bliss that rolls through those above,
Through those in glory seated,
Which causes them loud songs to sing,
Ten thousand times repeated—
Dart through my soul in radiant flame
Constraining loudest praises ;
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,
While all within me blazes.
- 4 When earth and sea shall be no more,
And all their glory perish ;
When sun and moon shall cease to shine
And stars at midnight languish,
My joys refin'd shall higher shine
With heav'n's radiant glory,
And tell through one eternal day,
Love's all immortal story.

HYMN 132. P. M.

- 1 **B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright Elysian :
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break ye intervening skies ;
 Sons of righteousness arise,
 Ope the gates of paradise.
- 2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Angel's trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name ;
 Heaven echoing the theme.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing his great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy One !
- 4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we too the holy lays,
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung ;
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN 133. P. M.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, see my Jesus coming,
 Don't you see him in yonder cloud,
 With ten thousand angels round him ?
 See how they do my Jesus crowd.
 I'll arise and go and meet him ;
 He'll embrace me in his arms ;
 In the arms of my dear Jesus,
 O there is ten thousand charms.

- 2 Death shall not destroy my comfort,
Christ shall guide me through the gloom,
Down he'll send some heavenly convoy,
To escort my spirit home :
Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side :
Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.
- 3 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the bank beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme :
See, they whisper ! hark ! they call me,
Sister spirit come away !
Lo, I come ! earth can't contain me :
Hail ! ye realms of endless day.
- 4 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy you soon on high :
Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that sweetest, brightest grace.
- 5 Swiftly roll ye lingering hours,
Seraphs lend your glittering wings,
Love absorbs my ransomed powers,
Heavenly sound around me rings :
Worlds above are bright and glorious,
All beneath are dark and void ;
Conquest gain'd, I'll shout victorious
In the praises of my God.
- 6 Smiling angels now surround me,
Troops resplendent fill the skies,
Glory shining all around me,
While my towering spirit flies :
Jesus clad in dazzling splendour,
Now methinks appears in view,
Brethren could you see my Jesus,
You would serve and love him too.

HYMN 134. P. M.

- 1 **R**ISE my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace,
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven thy native place.
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
 Time will soon the earth remove;
 Rise my soul and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fires ascend and seek the sun,
 Both speed them to their source.
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to see his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly my riches, fly my cares
 While I that course explore;
 Flatt'ring world with all your snares,
 Solicit me no more:
 Pilgrims fix not here their home,
 Strangers tarry but a night:
 When the last dear morn shall come,
 We'll rise to glorious light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize,
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant through the skies.
 Yet a season and you'll know,
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth chang'd for heaven.

HYMN 135. C. M.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold;

- Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been ;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus, O glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this that I should dread,
To die and go from hence ?
- 5 Reach down, O Lord thy arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 136. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE wond'rous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying love he sees us,
A toiling here below :
Through tribulation driven,
We'll force our way to heaven ;
Through consolation given,
Rejoicing on we'll go.
- 2 Companions now distress'd,
By Satan sore oppress'd,
Cheer up, you'll be relieved,
Your Captain's gone before :

In every trying hour,
 He'll save you by his power,
 And bring you safe to heaven,
 On that eternal shore.

3 O yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before you,
 And there we'll tell the story
 Of all redeeming love :
 And there we shall for ever,
 Drink of that flowing river ;
 And ever, ever, ever,
 Surround the throne of love.

4 There in the blooming garden
 Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
 Upon the banks of Jordan,
 We wil' worship the Lamb :
 We'll sing the song of Moses,
 While Jesus he composes
 A song that never closes,
 Of praises to his name.

HYMN 137. C. M.

1 **S**WEET rivers of redeeming love,
 Lie just before mine eye ;
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly ;
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind :
 I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
 And leave the world behind:

2 While I'm imprisoned here below,
 In anguish pain and smart,
 Oft times those troubles I forego,
 When love surrounds my heart ;
 In darkest shadows of the night,
 Faith mounts the upper sky,
 I then behold my heart's delight,
 And would rejoice to die !

3 I view the monster death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting ;
 Though Satan rages all the while,
 I still in triumph sing :

I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go ;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

- 4 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heav'nly host,
On Canaan's happy shore :
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea ;
The glorious hope of endless rest,
Transporting is to me.
- 5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
Make haste, and bring it nigh :
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine ;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.
- 6 Then I will tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal king ;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring ;
All hail ! thou great eternal God !
Who died on Cavalry ;
And sav'd me with thy precious blood,
From endless misery.
- 7 Ten thousand, thousand join in one,
To praise the Eternal Three :
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility :
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And string the immortal lyre ;
And ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise their praises higher.

HYMN 138. P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE shall we reign with Jesus, on that
delightful shore,
And shout with the redeemed, our trials be-
ing o'er ;

- The wicked cease from troubling, the weary are
at rest,
And we shall reign with Jesus, eternal ages blest.
- 2 We shall be like the angels in that immortal
throng,
And shouting his salvation will be our lasting
song;
They sing creating-goodness, and we redeeming
love,
And this shall be our business, in the bright
worlds above.
- 3 This love so freely flowing, it animates our
hearts,
This love is still abounding, in every place and
part;
This love can ne'er be ended, though faith and
hope should cease,
This love can ne'er be bounded, but ever will
increase.
- 4 This love through endless ages, it ever is the
same;
'Tis this our heart engages, to love and serve
the Lamb:
Unites us all together, and makes us of one soul,
It is the Balm of Gilead, it makes the wounded
whole.

HYMN 139. P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints arrayed in white,
They serve their great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.
- 2 This is no world of trouble;
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,

They praise the eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun ;
But who can speak the splendour
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty ?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war ?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting wo.

5 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his work of grace ;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race,
Who speak of fiery trials
And tortures on their way,
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport,
They tell their suff'rings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore :
They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gained their liberty :
Amid our fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee.

7 Long time I was invited
To gain that heav'nly rest ;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd ;
But earth's bewitching pleasures
Inclin'd me long to stay :
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8 But now it is my purpose
 The better way to find ;
 To serve my great Creator,
 And leave my sins behind :
 In guilt's seducing mazes
 I will no longer roam ;
 I'll give my soul to Jesus,
 Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know :
 In every day of trouble,
 I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

HYMN 140. P. M.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper ! angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses ? shuts my sight ?
 Drowns my spirit ? draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN 141. L. M.

- 1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see,
 The saints in full prosperity ;
 To see the bright, the glittering bride,
 Close seated by her Saviour's side.
- 2 I'm glad that I am born to die,
 From grief and wo my soul shall fly ;

- Bright angels shall covey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.
- 3 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
I hope to praise him after death;
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 4 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Kind angels beckon me away,
To sing his praise in endless day.
- 5 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 There I shall see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

HYMN 142. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high
Bright as the morning sun.
The north and south their songs resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
Adorn'd as a bride Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.
- 2 The King that bears the golden crown,
The azure flaming bow;
The holy city shall come down
To bless his saints below.
When Sion's bleeding, conquering King,
Shall sin and death destroy;
The morning stars together sing,
And Sion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy, bright, musician band
Shall tune their harps of gold,
With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold!
Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's name adore;

Such notes through earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before!

- 4 Let Satan rage and boast no more ;
Ye fiends of darkness fly ;
Though saints are feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh.
He is their shield—their hiding place—
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.
- 5 The crystal streams run down from heav'n,
They issue from the throne ;
The floods of strife away are driv'n,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love !
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above !

HYMN 143. P. M.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone ;
O! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne
- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above,
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

HYMN 144. C. M.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks
We scarce can say "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce without the veil
Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much, and this is all we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view:
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praise him too.
- 6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear;
And, Lord, do thou their prayers fulfil,
They offered for us here.
- 7 While they've gain'd, we losers are,
We miss them day by day;
But thou canst every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.
- 8 We pray as in Elisha's case,
When great Elijah went—
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who stay be sent.

HYMN 145. L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much lov'd Lord to see;
Earth twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic convoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrims home

Ye know the way to Jesu's throne;
Source of my joys, and of your own.

- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet
To fall transported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beaming of his grace.
- 5 As with the seraph's voice to sing,
'To fly as on the cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight
We'll wait the signal for the flight;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n in all we do.

HYMN 146. P. M.

- 1 **D**EATH, he is the king of terrors,
And a terror unto kings;
Oft he fills our minds with horror,
Telling us of frightful things.
Land of darkness, shades of silence,
Gloomy vaults where pris'ners lie;
Many thousands have been conquer'd,
You, alas! must shortly die.
- 2 Don't you see how unexpected
In my chariot I do ride,
Convulsions, fits, and pain, and sickness,
Are the weapons by my side.
Deaf I am to all entreaties;
When commission'd I must go,
With mortal paleness on my features,
Thus I give the fatal blow.
- 3 Never have I spared any,
Parents, children, husbands, wives;
Neither am I brib'd by money,
Physic will not save your lives.
Kingdoms, countries, or their cities,
Kings, their councils, or their slaves:
None of these I've ever pitied;
Soon I'll bring them to their graves.
- 4 There they lie without distinction;
Thus I boast my thousand slain;

Nor can they, without permission,
 Ever hope to rise again.
 Stop, O death, don't boast of victory,
 Hark, and hear what faith can say
 About one Jesus, who on Calvary
 Died, and in the grave did lay.

- 5 See him rising, hear him crying,
 I, O death, have conquer'd you !
 Although your looks are so dismaying,
 Yet my saints I will bring through.
 Thus the souls that are believing,
 May rejoice in Christ their King;
 Death's no more than a black curtain,
 Drawn to let the saints go in.
- 6 There the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest;
 There the saints shall cease from praying;
 There they are divinely blest.
 Free from sickness, free from sorrow,
 Free from anguish, care and pain;
 No dread thought of gloomy horror,
 Ere shall frighten them again.
- 7 There the saints sing hallelujahs,
 Are complete in Christ their King;
 Ask the grave, Where's now thy vict'ry?
 Boasting monster! where's thy sting?
 If we're pardon'd through the Saviour,
 Though the grave may us annoy.
 Death's the gate to endless pleasure,
 Road to everlasting joy.

HYMN 147. C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there;
 We may walk through its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below
 If my Creator bid;
 And run if I were call'd to go,
 And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promis'd land

My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

- 4 Clasp'd in my Heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 148. P. M.

- 1 **W**HY shrinks my weak nature? ah! what
can it mean?
Why flutters my heart, which till now was
serene?
Why lingering and trembling, while glory's so
near?
Or whence the enchantment that fetters me
here?

- 2 Thou world of illusions, for ever adieu!
Your phantoms unhallow'd recede from my
view;
New worlds and new wonders my passions in-
vite,
And glories ineffable dawn in my sight.

- 3 Hail, visions celestial, and thou divine Source
Of life, hope, and glory; if e'er in my course,
Thy grace hath renew'd and made perfect my
heart,
Now let me in peace and in triumph depart.

- 4 'Tis done! lo, they come! bright celestials de-
scend;
Saints, angels, and seraphs, their symphonies
lend:
The spheres are all vocal, the raptures draw
near,
Impartial vibrations resound in my ear.

- 5 Cease! cease then, fond nature; oh! cease then
thy strife;
And let me now languish and die into life:
Blest powers receive me; I mount on your wing;
Oh grave, where's thy victory? oh death where's
thy sting?

HYMN 149. P. M.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
“ Oh my people, faint and few ;
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you ;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation,
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
 - 2 “ There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.
 - 3 “ Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me,
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.”
-

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

HYMN 150. L. M.

- 1 **A**T every moment of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downwards to the dust it burns.
- 2 A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth ;
Moment by moment, years are past,
And one, ere long, will be our last.

- 3 'Twixt that long field which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
- 4 *This* is that moment—who shall tell,
Whether it leads to heaven or hell,
This is that moment—as we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.
- 5 Time past and time to come are not,
Time present is our only lot ;
O God henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine.

HYMN 151. P. M.

- 1 **Y**ONDER! see the Lord descending,
Hark! his chariot 's drawing near:
Starry worlds before him rending,
Flaming troops do now appear—
Heaven shaking, Earth a quaking,
Mountains fly before his face,
The dead their dusty beds forsaking,
Nature sinking in a blaze.
- Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Join us Christians! Join us Christians,
Join to praise our new born King.
- 2 Now behold each shining conqueror,
Rising from their dusty beds,
Fly to meet their blessed Saviour,
Glittering crowns upon their heads ;
Hear them tell their pleasing story
To their smiling lovely King,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory is the song they sing.
- Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hark the Herald Angels sing,
Join us Angels! Join us Angels,
Join to praise our glorious King.
- 3 Once an infant in a manger,
There the Lord of glory lay ;
No place to lay that little stranger,
But upon the oxen's hay ;

Now he's crowned with a rainbow,
 Brighter than a sardine stone ;
 He comes, he comes, the Christian sees him,
 Seated on his great white throne.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah,
 Hark the Herald Angels sing,
 Join us Seraphs! Join us Seraphs,
 Join to praise our conquering King.

- 4 Jesus saves us from temptation,
 Sin and Satan, Death and Hell,
 And he bought our great salvation :
 Glory to Immanuel.
 Once a dying on a mountain,
 There his precious blood did run ;
 Now he's brought us to the fountain,
 Springing from his Father's throne.
 Give him glory, give him glory,
 Let all heaven begin to sing,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Through eternal ages ring.

HYMN 152. P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT sound is this salutes mine ear,
 Methinks 'tis Jubal's trump I hear,
 Long look'd for now has come ;
 It shakes the heavens, the earth, the sea,
 Proclaims the year of Jubilee,
 Return ye exiles home.
- 2 Behold the new Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb,
 In glory doth appear.
 Fair Zion rising from the tomb.
 To meet the bridegroom now he's come
 And hail the jubil' year.
- 3 King Jesus takes her to his arms—
 Transported with his glorious charms,
 She thus begins to sing :
 From tears, and sighs, and groans, and pains,
 She soars where joy immortal reigns,
 To view the rosy spring.
- 4 As larks and linnets sweetly sing.
 While hills and valleys round them ring,

'Scaped from the fowler's snare,
One thousand years she here shall dwell,
While Satan is chained down in hell,
Which ends the jubil' year.

- 5 The dragon is let loose once more,
And round the earth his trumpets roar,
He's now for war again ;
But he that sits upon the throne,
Drives Satan and his legions down,
Into the fiery main.
- 6 The seventh trumpet you shall hear,
A great white throne shall then appear,
Ten thousand angels round :
An angel turns the moon to blood,
Puts out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.
- 7 Arise ye nations and come forth,
From east and west and north and south,
Behold the Judge is come :
What horror fills the guilty breast,
Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
And hear the awful doom.
- 8 Depart ye cursed, go down to hell,
With howling fiends for ever dwell,
No more to see my face ;
My glorious gospel you've withstood,
And set at nought my precious blood,
And scoff'd at sovereign grace.
- 9 See parents and their children part,
Some 'shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
Never to meet again ;
In fiery chariots Zion flies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
On Canaan's happy plain.

HYMN 153. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the man, threescore and ten,
Upon a dying bed ;
He's run his race, and got no grace,
An awful sight indeed.
- 2 Poor man he lies, in sore surprise,
And thus he doth complain ;

No grace I've got, and I cannot
Recall my time again.

3 This is the truth, I've spent my youth,
In sinful sports and mirth;
Put far away the evil day,
And scarcely thought on death.

4 My conscience then, could not refrain,
But gave me many a check;
But wilfully I put him by,
His voice I did reject.

5 God's spirit came, once and again,
To me from realms above;
Alas! but I would not comply;
I grieved the heav'nly dove.

6 In middle age, I did engage
In the affairs of life;
Some wealth to gain, that might sustain
My children and my wife.

7 This worldly care, did prove a snare,
The devil led me on;
And now, alas, this is the case,
My day of grace is gone.

8 My sins are all, both great and small,
Before my fixed eye;
And I must go to endless wo,
To burn eternally.

9 O dreadful hell, where I must dwell,
God's vengeance reigneth there;
I yield my breath to cruel death,
In horror and despair.

10 My glass is run, and I'm undone,
No mercy can I find:
And instantly the man doth die,
And leave no hope behind.

11 An awful sight, God grant it might,
A warning be to all,
To seek God's face for saving grace,
And hearken to his call.

HYMN 154. P. M.

- 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come ;
Thy glorious conquering king is near,
To take his exiles home :
The trumpet sounding through the sky,
To set poor sinners free ;
The day of wonder now is nigh,
The year of jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud ;
The earth must know her doom ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judge is come :
Blow out the sun ! burn up the earth !
Consume the rolling flood !
While every star shall disappear,
Go turn the moon to blood !
- 3 Arise ye nations under ground,
Before the judge appear ;
All tongues and languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear !
King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
Ten thousand angels round,
And Gabriel with a silver trump,
Echo's the awful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace
To sinners now is o'er ;
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be heard no more !
The watchmen all have left their walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 155. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take ;
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold your heavenly Father nigh.

- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are ;
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting friend—
 Your head to glorify
 With all his saints ascend.
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye that have here received
 The unction from above,
 And in his spirit lived,
 And thirsted for his love ;
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day, unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne ;—
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on your Immanuel's breast.
- 6 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 With seraphs, thrones, and powers,
 In glorious joy to live :
 And far from sorrow, pain and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found !
 Enrobed in righteousness divine
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

HYMN 156. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow ;
 Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up :
 For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.

- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here;
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
For soon the reaping time, &c.
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life, and faith,
Became an instrument of death.
And soon, &c.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet;
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.
And soon, &c.
- 5 The tares are spar'd for various ends;
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
But soon, &c.
- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
For soon, &c.
- 7 Most awful thought, and is it so,
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord, prepare.
For soon the reaping time, &c.

HYMN 157. P. M.

- 1 **S**EE the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one:
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting;
At the sight of fiercer pain;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain:

Greatly mourning,

That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love :

O! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his spirit move !

Doom'd I'm justly,

For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,

If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet, for sin I broke them all :

Golden moments,

How neglected did they roll !

5 There I see my godly neighbours,
Who were once despis'd by me,

Now they're clad in dazzling splendour,
Waiting my sad fate to see ;

Farewell neighbours—

Dismal gulf I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains!

Christ has now pronounc'd my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pains ;

Down I'm rolling,

Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,
Hell is not a fabled thing ;

Now I see my friends in glory,

Round the throne they ever sing—

I'm tormented

With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 158. P. M.

1 **T**HE fields are all white, the harvest is near,
The Angels all with their sharp sickles
appear ;

To reap down the wheat and gather it in barns ;
While the wild plants of nature are left for to
burn.

2 Come then, O my soul meditate on that day,
When all things in nature shall cease and decay ;

When the trumpet shall sound, the angels appear,
To reap down the earth, both the wheat and the
tare.

3 Then hear the sad wailing ascend to the sky,
Of those in distress that have no where to fly;
On the rocks and the mountains they anxiously
call,
Their souls and their sins to o'erwhelm by their
fall.

4 But 'twill all be in vain, the mountains will
flee,
The rocks fly like hailstones, and shall no more
be;
The earth it shall shake— the seas shall retire,
And the works of creation shall all be on fire.

5 But hear the great Judge, in that dread alarm,
Saying, gather my saints, bring them all to my
arms,
That the seven last plagues may be poured out
on those,
Who have blasphem'd my name, and my saints
who oppose.

6 Then O, wretched sinners, look up and espy,
The glorious Redeemer descend from the sky,
In a chariot of fire to the earth he is bound,
With a guard of bright angels attending around.

7 Come hither ye nations, your sentence receive,
No longer my spirit shall strive and be griev'd:
My sentence is right, my judgment is just,
Come hither ye blest but depart all ye curst.

8 O sinners take warning, and seek ye the Lord,
I have not been jesting, 'tis Jesus' own word,
That those who believe, in glory shall stand,
While all unbelievers are sure to be damn'd.

9 Now farewell, I leave you to ponder your way,
May the Lord seal instruction from what I now
say;
That our souls to God's throne may be pour'd out
in pray'r,
And we be prepar'd to meet Christ in the air.

HYMN 159. P. M.

- 1 **L**O! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes the Judge severe,
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking—
 Sinners shriek with awful fear!
 Come to judgment!
 Stand your awful doom to hear.
- 2 See the world in flames now burning,
 Hills and mountains fly away;
 The moon in blood—the stars all falling;
 Comets blazing through the sky;
 'Thunders rolling!
 Sinners now for succour cry.
- 3 From the general conflagration,
 Mount the righteous up on high!
 Gain the hope of their salvation,
 Live with God no more to die.
 Hallelujah!
 Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop, my soul, look back and wonder,
 See the wicked left behind—
 Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,
 For a moment's ease to find.
 Doom'd to sorrow!
 In the lake of hell confined.

HYMN 160. P. M.

- 1 **D**ON'T you see my Jesus coming?
 Don't you see him in yonder cloud,
 With ten thousand angels round him?
 See how they do my Jesus crowd!
- 2 Don't you see his arms extended?
 Don't you hear his charming voice?
 Each loving heart beats high for glory:
 Oh! my Jesus is my choice.
- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending?
 Hear them shouting through the air?
 Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
 Now his glory they shall share.
- 4 Don't you see the heav'ns open,
 And the saints in glory there?

- Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
 Glory, glory, glory here!
- 5 Come backsliders, though you've pierc'd him
 And have caus'd his church to mourn;
 Yet you may regain free pardon,
 If you will to him return.
- 6 Now behold each loving spirit,
 Shout the praise of his dear name;
 View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
 While his presence feeds the flame.
- 7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure
 By our dear Redeemer's side:
 Shouting glory, glory, glory,
 While eternal ages glide.
-

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 161. L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL the blest morn when the great Mediator
 Down from the mansions of glory descends;
 Shepherds go worship the Babe in the manger,
 Lo! for his guard the bright angels attends.
 Kindest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle, the dew drops are shining,
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, and ALL.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him a costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, or offering divine,
 Gems from the mountains and pearls from the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 All these can never his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearest to God, are the prayers of the poor.

HYMN 162. P. M.

- 1 **O** HOW charming, O how charming,
Is the radiant band of music, music, music,
music,
O how charming is the radiant band
Of music playing through the air :
Angelic armies tune their harps,
Angelic armies tune their harps,
Enraptured spirits play their parts,
Angelic armies tune their harps.
Shout, shout! the great Messiah is come to reign.
- 2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
Brings the joyful news, O joyful, joyful, joyful,
joyful,
Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's birth,
The great Messiah's come to earth:
Good will to men I now proclaim,
Good will to men I now proclaim,
The Saviour's born in Bethlehem,
Good will to men I now proclaim,
Shout, shout! the King of glory is come to reign.
- 3 See his star arising, see his star arising!
In the eastern sky, now rising, rising, rising,
rising,
See his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day-spring opening from on high:
The types and shadows flee away,
The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day,
The types and shadows flee away,
Shout, shout! the King of glory is come to reign.
- 4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have found him,
Glory be to God, O glory. glory, glory, glory,
Wise men have found him by the rising star,
And come to worship him afar :
Their golden gifts they now present,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent,
Their golden gifts they now present,
Shout, shout! the King of glory is come to reign.

- 5 Jews and Gentiles join in concert,
 To praise their infant King : O praise him, praise
 him, praise him, praise him,
 Jews and Gentiles praise their infant King,
 And loud hosannas sweetly sing :
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 With Gabriel and the shining host,
 Shout, shout ! the King of glory is come to reign.
- 6 I am happy, I am happy,
 Glory be to God, O glory, glory, glory, glory,
 I am happy, glory be to God ;
 My soul's on flame for the realms above :
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
 I find my Saviour in my heart,
 I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
 Shout, shout ! the King of glory is come to reign.
- 7 Reign, reign, sweet Jesus, reign within and
 round us,
 By the Holy Spirit, holy, holy, holy, holy,
 By the Holy Spirit keep us in the way,
 That we may shout as we sing and pray :
 With all the saints that have gone home,
 With all the saints that have gone home,
 Unite to sing redeeming love,
 With all the saints that have gone home.
 To sing, to sing hallelujahs around the throne.

HYMN 163. P. M.

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds in Jewry were guarding
 their sheep,
 Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
 An angel from heaven presented to view,
 And thus he accosted the trembling few :
 "Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your fears,
 For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.
- 2 "Though Adam the first in rebellion was found,
 Forbidden to tarry on hallowed ground ;
 Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve
 The loss ye sustain'd by the devil and Eve :

- Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit your Saviour, and see where he lies,
- 3 "A token I leave you, whereby you may find,
This wonderful stranger this friend, to mankind;
A manger his cradle, the stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, beholding your God.
Then shepherds be humble, be meek, and lie low,
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so."
- 4 This wonderful story no sooner was heard,
Than thousands of angels from glory appeared;
They join'd in a concert, and this was their
theme,
"All glory to God, and good will towards men:
Then shepherds strike in, join your voice to the
choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire."
- 5 "Hosanna," the angels in ecstasy cried;
"Hosanna," the wondering shepherds replied:
"Salvation, redemption, all centered in One,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son:
Then shepherds adieu, we commend you to God;
Go visit the Son in his humble abode."
- 6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds repair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had heard;
They enter'd the stable with aspect most mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and
child:
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear from
their God.
- 7 Ye preachers be faithful, your duty discharge,
Be fervent and zealous, your promise is large;
Fear not to declare the whole counsel of God;
Like comets you'll blaze while you travel the
road:
Go make proclamation, declare it abroad,
Tell the gentle and simple to come to the Lord.

HYMN 164. P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM the regions of love, lo! an angel de-
scended,
And told the strange news how the babe was
attended;

Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful stranger,
With wonder and joy see your Lord in a manger.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who has purchased our pardon,
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

- 2 Glad tidings I bring to you and each nation ;
Glad tidings of joy now behold your salvation :
When sudden a multitude raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer while heaven rejoices.
- 3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echo'd through heaven ;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
- 4 Enraptured I burn with delight and desire,
A love so divine sets my soul all on fire ;
Around the bright throne now hosannas are
ringing,
Oh, when shall I join them, and be ever singing
- 5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love, oh Jesus, all glorious !
Thy banner unfurl, bid the nations surrender,
And own thee their Saviour, their King and
Defender.

HYMN 165. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the heralds of salvation !
Joyful news the angels bring :
God himself in earth hath entered,
Jesus is the new born King.
Hail, all glory, hail, all glory,
Let the whole creation sing.
- 2 Shepherds start from midnight slumber,
See the glory shining round,
Gazing on the blaze they wonder,
Till they're prostrate on the ground :
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
By the shepherds, doth resound.
- 3 Fear not, shepherds, saith the angel,
Banish sorrow from your eyes ;—

For in Bethlehem's coarse manger,
 God, a spotless infant, lies:
 See Jehovah! see Jehovah!
 Veil'd in clay below the skies.

- 4 Haste away, ye eastern sages,
 See! the star proclaims your God;
 Fear not Herod, though he rages,
 Sending peals of death abroad:
 Rachel mourning, Rachel mourning,
 For her children he destroyed.
- 5 Sinners rage, each saint rejoices,
 At the great Redeemer's birth,
 Angels join their cheerful voices,
 "Good will to men, and peace on earth."
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Glory in the Saviour's birth.
- 6 Let all people have salvation,
 Saith the heralds from above;
 Sound his name through every nation,
 Teach the world redeeming love;
 Go, ye heralds! go, ye heralds!
 Spread his name where'er ye rove.
- 7 Jesus, spread thy gospel glory,
 Save poor dying souls from hell;
 Let all nations bow before thee,
 Love thy name, and with thee dwell:
 Haste, ye heralds! haste, ye heralds!
 Your Redeemer's name to tell.

FAREWELL HYMNS.

HYMN 166. P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is
 at hand
 That we must be parted from this social band;
 Our several engagements now call us away;
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile:
But when we are parted, and scattered abroad,
Let us pray for each other, and wrestle with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharged;
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged;
With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest evermore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who are listed for war,
Some trials await you, but Jesus is near:
Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you in peace.
- 5 The world, and the devil, and hell, all unite;
And bold persecution will try you to fright:
But Jesus is for you, who's stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,
Oh hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part:
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
- 7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all around;
Perhaps we'll not meet till the trumpet shall sound;
To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
Our Saviour to praise in the heavenly land.
- 8 Oh glory, oh glory, oh glory to God!
Redemption we have through our Jesus' blood;
I long to be gone to meet him above,
To gaze on his glory, and feast on his love.

HYMN 167. L. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
I have no home or stay with you;

I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view :

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends farewell.

2 Farewell my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I leave you here and travel on,
'Till I arrive where Jesus is.

3 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love,
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.

4 Farewell old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts here await for you :
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be giv'n.

6 Farewell poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn and find salvation near.

O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 168. P. M.

1 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, I bid you
farewell,

I'm going to travel the way to excel ;
I'm going to travel the wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu.

2 The thoughts of our parting doth cause me to
grieve,
So well do I love you, but you I must leave ;
My Jesus commands, and I must obey,
Therefore, my dear brethren, don't grieve after
me.

- 3 May heaven protect you, be Jesus your guide,
On the walls of our Zion may you ever abide ;
Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er
see,
On the banks of sweet Canaan acquainted
we'll be.
- 4 There all things are plenty, and the leaves
growing green,
And the parting of Christians no more to be
seen ;
No sorrow, no trouble shall enter that place,
But there we shall join in a song of free grace.
- 5 And when we meet Jesus in the mansion above,
Where saints and bright angels are feasting on
love ;
O then we shall look for each mourner that's
here,
How glad we shall be to meet each other there.
- 6 Farewell to all sorrows, temptation, and pain,
I'm going where Jesus for ever doth reign ;
I'm going to Jesus, his goodness to prove,
Where saints and bright angels are feasting on
love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 169. P. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, " Lov'st thou me ? "
- 2 " I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender cares,
Cease towards the child she bears ?

Yes! she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee,

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partners of my throne shall be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more.

HYMN 170. P. M.

1 **F**AITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean,
It is " the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen."
It is the anchor of his soul,
When tempests rage and billows roll,

2 Faith is the polar star,
That guides the Christian's bark ;
Directs his wand'ring when afar,
To reach the holy ark ;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form,
Hung on the brow of heaven ;
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given.
It is the bright triumphal arch
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 Faith is the mountain rock,
Whose summit towers on high ;
Secure above the tempest's shock,
An inmate of the sky.
Fix'd on a prize of greater worth,
It views with scorn the things of earth.

- 5 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart.
The Christian's faith is simply this:
A passport to immortal bliss.

HYMN 171. P. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy
sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread:
Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.
- 5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 7 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
- 8 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for the word;

He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord !

SECOND PART.

- 1 His vestments of righteousness who shall describe?
Its purity words would defile ;
The heav'ns from his presence fresh beauties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.
- 2 Such is my beloved, in excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above ;
Like the morn when he breathes from the chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.
- 3 But when arm'd with vengeance, in terror he comes,
The nations rebellious to tame,
The reins of Omnipotent Power he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame.
- 4 A two-edged sword from his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes ;
He speaks, and black tempests are seen in the north,
And storms from their caverns arise.
- 5 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for his word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly swift as the wind at the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death.
- 6 His cloud-bursting thunders their voices resound,
Through all the vast regions on high ;
'Till from the deep centre loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flame in the sky.
- 7 The portals of heaven at his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banners appear ;
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
- 8 When he treads on the clouds as the dust of his feet,
And grasps the big storm in his hand ;

What eye the fierce glance of his anger shall
meet?

Or who in his presence shall stand?

HYMN 172. P. M.

Dedication Hymn.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord above,
Who deigns on earth to raise
Temples, where boundless love
Demands our songs of praise.
Upon this floor, by every tongue,
While saints adore, his name be sung.
- 2 We laboured not in vain,
With God our prayers prevailed,
Mountains were made a plain,
And opposition failed.
The head stone's laid, now let the place
Resound with shoutings unto grace.
- 3 This sacred dome, O Lord,
To thee we dedicate,
Thy name we here record,
And at thine altar wait.
O may thy love our hearts inspire,
Celestial love impart the fire.
- 4 May heaven's high arch be bow'd,
O glory shine around,
As when the sacred cloud
The Jewish temple crown'd.
With saints of old we'll bless the Lord,
His truth unfold, his love record.
- 5 Here may the Spirit's sword
The sinner's conscience wound,
And here the cheering word
Of God's rich grace abound:
To soothe the pensive mourner's grief,
And grant the burdened mind relief.
- 6 May saints with joy report,
Who in his temple wait,
This is Jehovah's court,
'Tis heaven's expanding gate.
May bliss divine from Zion roll,
And love benign fill every soul.

- 7 Then when the Judge commands,
Our souls shall soar away
From temples made with hands
To that in endless day.
We'll join our lays with angels bright,
To sing his praise in worlds of light.

HYMN 173. P. M.

- 1 **D**ANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all
- 2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James's faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know,
Samuel's call, O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire
All my new-born soul inspire.
- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart,
Abraham's friendship may I prove
Faithful to the God of love.
- 5 Most of all, may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below,
Day by day, through grace restor'd,
Imitate my blessed Lord.
- 6 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasting lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Youth and fame and power are laid,

Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 174. C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I had a faithful friend,
To tell my secrets to,
On whose advice I might depend,
In every thing I do.
- 2 How do I wander up and down,
And no one pities me!
I seem a stranger quite unknown,
A son of misery!
- 3 None lends an ear to my complaint,
Nor minds my cries nor tears:
None comes to cheer me though I faint,
Nor my vast burden bears.
- 4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease,
And feel no want or wo,
Through this waste howling wilderness,
I full of sorrows go.
- 5 O faithless soul to reason thus,
And murmur without end!
Did Christ expire upon the cross?
And is he not thy friend?
- 6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,
And think their state so blest?
How great salvation hast thou seen,
And Jesus is thy rest!
- 7 What can this lower world afford,
Compar'd with gospel grace?
Thy happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his face!
- 8 Can present grief be counted great,
Compared with future woes?
Will transient pleasure seem so sweet,
Compar'd with endless joys?
- 9 How soon will God withdraw the scene,
And burn the world he made!
Then wo to carnal sinful men!
My soul lift up thy head.
- 10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,
Constant and true and good;

He will be with thee to the end,
And bring thee safe to God.

11 Then why my soul art thou so sad?
When will thy sighs be o'er?
Rejoice in Jesus and be glad,
Rejoice for evermore.

HYMN 175. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN man was first created, in Eden he was
plac'd,
The head and representative of all the fallen race,
But by the subtle serpent he was beguil'd and fell,
And for his disobedience he was doom'd to death
and hell.
- 2 But in this situation behold the promise made,
The seed of mortal woman shall bruise the ser-
pent's head,
Destroy the works of darkness, that man should
only feel
The malice of the serpent a raging at his heel.
- 3 Oh, these words, were all spoken in spirit and in
truth;
In types and darkest shadows the Saviour was set
forth,
And sacrifice and offerings all on the altar slain.
Yet blood of bulls and heifers can ne'er remove
the stain.
- 4 At the appointed time then Jesus did appear,
Assum'd a fleshy body, and did more than a seer.
He kept the law in our stead, and suffered on the
tree,
He answered all the law's demands, and paid the
penalty.
- 5 With piercing thorns they crown'd, and nail'd
him to the tree,
All nature mourn'd and trembled to hear his
agony.
But Justice cried against him, Come, pay in
sinners' stead,
For man you've undertaken, and you must be
his head.

- 6 The sun was clothed in sackcloth, the earth it did mourn,
All nature languish'd to hear our Saviour groan :
But the law was ended upon his spotless head,
He cried, it's finish'd, the dreadful debt is paid.
- 7 They laid him in a sepulchre, for it was at hand,
The grave it could not hold him, nor death's cold iron bands ;
He pray'd for his enemies, but gain'd a glorious crown,
He conquer'd all the powers of hell, and broke its kingdom down.
- 8 And when that he was risen, to Mary he appeared,
Go tell my friends and brethren what you have seen and heard :
Go tell them I am risen, and death could do no more,
I go unto my Father's house to live for evermore.
- 9 He came to his disciples, and found them all alone,
He gave them their commission to make his gospel known ;
Go preach my gospel to the poor, baptize them in my name,
Beginning at the spiteful Jews, that put my soul to shame.
- 10 Go preach unto all nations, let every creature hear,
Go publish free salvation to all, both far and near ;
And in your great temptation, I'll speedy comfort send ;
And lo ! I will be with you, until the world doth end.

HYMN 176. P. M.

- 1 **W**ITH pleasure behold the city of gold,
How beautiful, lovely, and bright ;
Coming down from above, in its beauty and love,
Adorn'd with glory and light ;
Prepar'd as a bride, for Immanuel's side ;
Let angels rejoice at the sight :

Jerusalem now its glory doth show,
The wisdom of God and his might.

- 2 Its walls great and high, behold it with joy,
Think of it ye saints, with delight;
Behold its foundation with great admiration,
With precious stones garnished bright;
It lieth four-square, a golden reed there,
With angels to measure it right;
Consider with pleasure, it's equal in measure,
Its length, breadth, and height are alike.
- 3 Twelve angels there wait, at twelve holy gates—
The righteous rejoice when they enter;
For they will behold a city of gold,
The tree of life placed in the centre:
There proceeds from the throne of the King
whom they own,
A river of water of life;
As crystal it's clear, as wine it doth cheer
The heart of the bride, the Lamb's wife.
- 4 Then those who do well, with Jesus shall dwell.
For ever and ever in peace;
They need not the moon, nor the bright shining sun,
In so glorious and holy a place.
God's glory will shine, and give light divine,
Therefore it will never be night:
What raptures are there! all heaven will share,
It's perfectly filled with light.
- 5 The saints shall there reign with the Lamb that was slain,
The face of our King, they will see;
There standing before him, to love and adore him,
His name in their foreheads will be.
Great joy will be there, the righteous will share,
While angels their voices are raising;
How pleasant the singing melodiously ringing,
While saints are in harmony praising.

- 6 How pleasant their singing, melodiously ringing,
All praising with cheerfullest voices;
What melodious sounds are echoing round,
While all in that city rejoices.
How rich and how great, how good and complete,
That city which God will prepare;
How pure and how holy, and full of bright
glory,
How beautiful, lovely, and fair.

HYMN 177. P. M.

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul;
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is giv'n;
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward
Singing as I wade to heav'n,
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiv'n.
- 3 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 4 Floods of tribulation heighten;
Billows still around me roar;
Those who know not Christ they frighten,
But my soul defies their power:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 5 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands;
"Fear not; I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands."
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry word my love demands.

- 6 All I meet I find assists me
In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy;
Sweet affliction,
Ev'ry promise gives me joy.
- 7 Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But exulting cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought me to his feet.

HYMN 178. P. M.

- 1 **D**EAREST Jesus, though unseen,
My believing heart will love thee,
Poor despised Nazarene ;
A kind and constant friend I prove thee:
Sinking in thy balmy blood,
O how I love my Saviour God.
- 2 Day and night I vent my sighs,
Languishing to see my Saviour,
With warm heart and streaming eyes,
I view my dying Lord for ever:
Here I always would abide:
O nothing may I know beside.
- 3 Like the widow'd turtle dove,
I, most lovely Lamb, adore thee:
Pants my soul quite fill'd with love,
Sinking, O my God, restore me
To thy presence sweet and free.
O how I long to be with thee.
- 4 Every moment seems an age,
Till thy presence shall relieve me,
And thy grace my woes assuage,
And thy absence no more grieve me:
Quickly, quickly, Jesus come,
O make my heart thy constant home.
- 5 O'er the hills I see him come—
Quick as darts the piercing lightning,
Scatters all my guilt and gloom ;
All my powers are quick and brightening:

Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,
O how thy presence feeds my flame.

HYMN 179. P. M.

- 1 **A**MONG the Jewish captives, one Daniel
there was found,
Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all around ;
They saw him very pious and faithful to the
Lord,
Three times a day he bowed to supplicate his
God.
- 2 Among the king's high princes this Daniel was
the first,
The king preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did
possess ;
His unexampled piety, sustained their jealousy ;
The princes sought his ruin,—obtain'd a firm
decree.
- 3 Should any man or woman, a supplication
bring,
For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O
King ;
To any Lord or master, or any other man,
They should without distinction fall in the
lion's den.
- 4 But now when Daniel heard it, straight to his
house he went,
To beg his God's protection—'twas all his whole
intent :
His windows being open, before his God he
bow'd,
The princes were assembled, they saw him wor-
ship God.
- 6 They came to King Darius, and spake of his
decree,
Saying, that Hebrew Daniel doth nothing care
for thee :
Before his God he boweth three times in every
day,
With all his windows open, and we have heard
him pray,

- 6 Now when Darius heard it, his soul did sore lament,
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to prevent ;
The princes then assembled and to the King they said,
Remember your great honour, likewise the laws you made.
- 7 Darius then commanded that Daniel should be brought,
And cast into the lion's den, because the Lord he sought ;
The king then said to Daniel, That God whom you adore,
Will save you from the lions, and bless you evermore.
- 8 The King went to his palace, and fasted all the night,
He neither ate nor drank, nor in music took delight ;
So early the next morning, he stole along the way,
And came unto the lion's den, where this bold Hebrew lay.
- 9 Then with a voice of mourning, to Daniel cry'd aloud,
Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of the Lord !
Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee ?
That God in whom thou trusteth and serves continually.
- 10 My God hath sent his angel and shut the lion's jaws,
So that they have not hurt me, my enemies they saw ;
Then straight the King commanded to take him from the den,
Because in God he trusted, no harm was found in him.
- 11 See how the faithful Daniel fear'd not the face of clay,
'Twas not the King's commandment that made him cease to pray ;

He knew that God was with him, to save his
soul from death,
He trusted in Jehovah, and pray'd at every
breath.

SECOND PART.

- 1 Darius then commanded those wretches to be
brought,
Who had with so much boldness, the life of
Daniel sought;
On women, men, and children, the sentence being
pass'd,
Among the angry lions those sinners then were
cast.
- 2 The lions rush'd with vengeance upon those
wicked men,
And tore them all to pieces ere they to the bot-
tom came.
Thus God will save his children, who put their
trust in him,
And punish their offenders with agonies ex-
treme.
- 3 'Twas then a proclamation, Darius issued forth,
Commanding all the people that dwelt upon the
earth,
To fear the God of Daniel, for he's the living
God,
Whose kingdom is for ever, and shall not be de-
stroy'd.
- 4 He maketh signs and wonders in heaven and
on earth,
Who hath deliver'd Daniel, and shut the lion's
mouth:
Who sav'd the Hebrew children when cast into
the flame,
This is the God of Heaven, and he spreads his
wide domain.
- 5 This Daniel's God is gracious to all his children
dear,
He gives them consolation, and tells them not to
fear;

He's promis'd to support them, and bring them
safe to dwell
Eternally in heaven, but dooms their foes to
hell.

- 6 Hark! sinners, hear the gospel, it says to you
repent,
Come try a bleeding Saviour, for you his blood
was spilt :
He dy'd to purchase pardon, that we might by
his pow'r,
Escape the roaring lions, that seek us to de-
vour.
- 7 O will you be persuaded by one who loves your
soul,
To turn and seek salvation with 'Christ in
heav'n to dwell :
Come serve the God of Daniel, 'tis Jesus bids
you come,
You'll find a hearty welcome in Christ the
bleeding Lamb,
- 8 Glory to God, O glory, for his redeeming love,
Religion makes us happy here, and will in
worlds above ;
We'll sing bright hallelujahs, and join the holy
song,
With Moses, Job, and Daniel, and all the
heav'nly throng.

HYMN 180. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Published to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.
Lo ! he reigns, He reigns victorious !
Over heaven and earth, most glorious,
Jesus reigns.
- 2 See the royal banners flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying
Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour.
- 3 There, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,

There is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

- 4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified,
Conquered death and rose to heaven ;
Through him life eternal's given.
- 5 Turn unto the Lord most holy ;
Shun the path of vice and folly :
Turn or you are lost for ever,
O now turn to Christ your Saviour.
- 6 There is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
- 7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and flowing fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Sing the great Messiah's praises.
- 8 Shout ye saints of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty King of Zion.
- 9 Shout ye saints! make joyful mention ;
Christ has purchas'd your redemption :
Angels tell the pleasing story,
Through the brightest worlds of glory.

HYMN 181. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear
And faith, in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan spies :
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.
- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore,
Each landmark on the distant shore ;
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream :
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world adieu.

- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,
 More eager all her powers expand :
 With steady helm, and free bent sail,
 Her anchor drops within the vail :
 Again for joy she claps her wings,
 And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God.

HYMN 182. P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL the day so long expected,
 Hail the year of full release;
 Zion's walls are now erected,
 And the watchmen live in peace.
 From the distant courts of Zion,
 The shrill trumpet loudly roars,—
Babylon is fallen, is fallen, is fallen,
 Babylon is fallen, to rise no more.
- 2 Hark, and hear the people crying,
 See the city disappears;
 Trade and traffic all are dying,
 Lo! they sink to rise no more!
 Merchants who have bought her traffic,
 Crying from a distant shore,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.
- 3 All her merchants cry with wonder,
 What is this that comes to pass?
 Murmuring like some distant thunder;
 Crying, Oh! alas, alas!
 Swell the sounds, ye kings and nobles,
 Priests and people, rich and poor,—
Babylon is fallen, &c.
- 4 Lo, the captains are returning,
 Up to Zion see them fly;
 While the heavenly host rejoices,
 Shout and echo through the sky;
 See the ancients of the city,
 Terrified at the uproar—
Babylon is fallen, &c.
- 5 Tune your harps, ye heavenly choir,
 Shout, ye followers of the Lamb;
 See the city all on fire,
Clap your hands, and blow the flame;

Now's the day of compensation,
 Hope of mercy now is o'er.—
 Babylon is fallen, &c.

HYMN 183. P. M.

The Saint's sweet home.

- 1 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
 And their precious Jesus, whose love cannot
 cease,
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free;
 Which hinders my joy and communion with thee:
 Though now my temptations like billows may
 foam,
 All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at
 home.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay
 O give me submission and strength as my day,
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace!
 The spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face:
 Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
 And find even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
- 6 I long dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
 No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee, at Home.

HYMN 184. P. M.

The resolute Christian.

- 1 **T**HE old Israelites knew what it was they
 must do,
 If fair Canaan they ever possess'd;

- They must still keep in sight of that pillar of
light,
Which then led to the promised rest.
That the camp on the road could not be their
abode,
But as oft as the trumpet did blow,
They were glad of a chance, for a further advance,
They must take up their baggage and go.
- 2 I am thankful indeed, for the heavenly head,
Which before us has hitherto gone ;
For that pillar of love, which now onward does
move,
And gathers our souls into one.
With that sin hating throng, I'm advancing
along ;
Into closer communion they flow,
So all that would stand, on that heavenly land,
Must take up their crosses and go.
- 3 The way it is new, as it opens to view,
And behind us a foaming Red sea ;
So that none need to speak, of an onion or leek,
Or to talk about garlick to me.
I'm engaged in pursuit, and must have the good
fruit,
Which in Canaan's rich valley doth grow,
Though millions of foes, should rise to oppose ;
For on I'm resolved to go.
- 4 Though some in the rear, preach terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ;
Though the lions before, with great fury do roar,
And resolve they will never retreat—
We are little 'tis true, and our numbers are few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
With the resolute few, I'm resolv'd to go through,
And go on at the risk of my all.
- 5 On Jordan's near side, I can never abide,
For no place of repose I can see ;
I shall come to the spot, and inherit the lot,
Which the Lord God shall give unto me.
'Tis union I seek, with the pure and the meek,
So an end to all discord and strife ;
Since I've fixed my eyes, on the heavenly prize,
I'll go on at the risk of my life

- 6 My honours and health, my pleasures and wealth,
 I'm willing should now be at stake;
 And if Christ I obtain, I shall think it great
 gain,
 For the sacrifice which I shall make.
 When I all have forsook, like a bubble 'twill look,
 From the midst of that glorified throng:
 O then let us agree, and from bondage be free,
 And to Zion be moving along.
- 7 Now the morning doth dawn, for the camp to
 move on,
 And the priests each their trumpets doth blow;
 At the sound of the trump, I am ready to jump,
 And for one I am resolved to go.
 Though my trials are great, I submit to my fate.
 For the storm it will shortly be o'er;
 I shall thankfully see, what a blessing to me,
 Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

HYMN 185. C. M.

For a Congregation of Africans.

- 1 **O**UR Master, Jesus, reign'd above,
 The Lord of all was he,
 And yet he chose to set his love,
 O wond'rous love! on me.
- 2 Our Master Jesus—bless his name!
 I love to hear the sound—
 When I was lost, to seek he came,
 And O, thank God, he found.
- 3 Our Master, Jesus, from his birth,
 My sins and sorrows bore!
 And while He lived like me on earth,
 A servant's form He wore.
- 4 Our Master, Jesus, went to preach
 The Gospel every where,
 And by his own example teach
 How we the cross should wear.
- 5 Our Master, Jesus, crucified
 By hands of wicked men,
 Pray'd for his murderers—then He d'
 He died, but rose again.

- 6 Our Master, Jesus, suffered this,
The world from hell to save,
And bring to heaven's amazing bliss,
The freeman and the slave.
- 7 Our Master, Jesus, takes delight
In hearts made pure within,
Though we are black, our souls are white,
When he forgives our sins.
- 8 Our Master, Jesus, who didst give
Thyself to die for me,
Grant the poor Negro grace to live,
And grace to die to Thee.

HYMN 186. P. M.

The Indian Hymn.

- 1 **I**N de dark woods, no Indian nigh,
Den me look Heb'n, and send up cry,
Upon my knee so low ;
But God on high, in shiny place,
See me at night, wid teary face—
De priest he tell me so.
- 2 God send he angel, take um care,
He come he self and hear um pray'r,
(If Indian heart do pray,)
He see me now, he know me here ;
He say poor Indian neber fear,
Me wid you night and day.
- 3 So me lub God, wid inside heart
He fight for me, he take um part,
He save um life before :
God hear poor Indian in de wood,
So me lub him and dat be good ;
Me pray him two times more.*

HYMN 187. L. M.

The Wretchedness of the Wicked.

- 1 **T**HEY must be as the troubled sea,
They cannot rest who know not thee ;
Whose working hearts, disturbed within,
Cast up the mire of actual sin.

* *Meaning twice as often as formerly.*

- 2 No peace the wicked e'er can know,
While hastening to their place below ;
But trouble must with sin remain,
Sad earnest of eternal pain.

HYMN 188. C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seen, by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There if thy spirit touch the heart,
And grace her mean abode ;
O! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.
- 4 Author and guardian of my days,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour thou art mine.
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

HYMN 189. P. M.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,

The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny!
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft ye winds his story,
And you ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

HYMN 190. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE chàriot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its path-way of cloud,
And the heavens with the burthen of Godhead
are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
The myriads of angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are
there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd monuments
stirr'd!
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and
north,
Lo, the vast generation of ages come forth!
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
are met

All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

- 5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

HYMN 191. P. M.

*"O Lord, I know that in very faithfulness thou hast
afflicted me."*

- 1 **F**OR what shall I praise thee, my God and my
King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health and
for ease,
For the spring of delight and the sunshine of
peace?
- 2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd on
my breast,
For joys in perspective, and pleasures possess'd?
For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?
- 3 For this should I praise thee! but, if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss:
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish I bear:
- 4 For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears;
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestow'd.
- 5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown,
They yielded no fruits, they are wither'd and
gone,
The thorn it was poignant but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy,—it led me to thee.

HYMN 192. S. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, who hear'st our sighs,
In pity now draw near,

- And bid our fainting souls arise,
And bless our labours here.
- 2 Here's sinners, Lord, we know—
Thy counsel they forsake;
They're sinking to the gulph below—
Oh! bid them now awake.
- 3 The wicked have no peace,
While yet on earth they live;
Their troubles never here shall cease,
While they will not believe.
- 4 Let all who hear thy word,
'Turn from their evil ways,
And own thee for a gracious Lord,
Henceforth throughout their days.
- 5 Now let thy spirit come,
Like dew-drops from on high,
And send thy strong conviction home,
To every sinner nigh.
- 6 Let Satan's kingdom fall,
To be built up no more;
And let salvation's mighty call,
Be heard on every shore.

HYMN 193. C. M. D.

The Tented Grove.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
To seek the promis'd land—
Were guarded by a fiery flame,
And Moses gave command;
The tow'ring billows of the deep
Gave them a passage through;
But O! the fate of Pharaoh's troop,
Lost in the waves below!
- 2 O camp of Israel now rejoice,
While in the wilderness;
For Jordan's streams you soon shall cross,
Then Canaan you'll possess.
Let Zion's sons, and Levi's tribe
And Israel's army move;
With me prepare to offer prayer,
While in the tented grove.

- 3 Leave all the busy cares of life,
All worldly things behind ;
That you may gather strength of soul,
And fortify the mind ;
For Jesus surely will be there
To fire our souls with love ;
Therefore I find my heart inclin'd
To seek the tented grove.
- 4 Come let us all join heart and voice,
In pray'r and praises, too ;
Let sinners weep and saints rejoice,
There's work for all to do,
By faith we'll claim the promise, Lord,
Thy faithfulness to prove :
Descend, descend, oh sinner's friend,
Into our tented grove.
- 5 Oh how our hearts rejoice to feel
The holy Ghost descend ;
While on our knees, we humbly kneel,
We find the sinner's friend ;
The spreading flame runs through the crowd,
Each heart begins to move ;
Fall sinners bow, and cry aloud
All round the tented grove.
- 6 The falling tear bespeaks the load,
That lays upon each heart ;
And guilty conscience strikes the soul,
With keen conviction's dart ;
At length by faith in Christ he claims
His Saviour's pard'ning love,
And shouts of praise for God's free grace,
Ring through the tented grove.
- 7 The persecuting sons of night,
Find nothing more to say ;
They either yield, or quit the field,
And Israel gains the day.
The devil's tottering kingdom shakes,
And its foundations move :
Such prayer we find by faith combin'd
Rise from the tented grove.
- 8 O sacred ground ! delightful place !
Where God appears to man !

Like Moses we behold his face
 With but a vail between;
 But when we rise to Paradise,
 To worship God above,
 There's happier ground than we have found,
 While in the tented grove.

HYMN 194. C. M.

Communion.

- 1 **W**HITHER should our full souls aspire
 At this transporting feast?
 They never can on earth be higher,
 Or more completely blest.
- 2 Our cup of blessing from above,
 Delightfully runs o'er,
 Till from these bodies they remove,
 Our souls can hold no more.
- 3 To heaven the mystic banquet leads;
 Let us to heaven ascend,
 And bear this joy upon our heads,
 Till it in glory end:
- 4 Till all who truly join in this,
 The marriage-supper share,
 Enter into their Master's bliss,
 And feast for ever there.

HYMN 195. C. M.

- 1 **R**ETURNING to his throne above,
 The friend of sinners cried,
 Do this in memory of my love:
 He spoke the word, and died.
- 2 He tasted death for every one;
 The Saviour of mankind
 Out of our sight to heaven is gone,
 But left his pledge behind.
- 3 His sacramental pledge we take,
 Nor will we let it go;
 Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,
 We thus his death will show.
- 4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,
 And comfort all that grieve,

Prepare the bride, and then return
And to thyself receive.

Now to thy gracious kingdom come,
(Thou hast a token given)
And when thy arms receive us home,
Recall thy pledge in heaven.

HYMN 196. P. M.

IN time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries;
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies;
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew:
Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He, his loving kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No;—this is mine own blindness,
That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand;
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God, the billows saw;

They saw Thee, and they trembled,
 Turn'd, and stood still, with awe;
 The clouds shot hail—they lighten'd;
 The earth reel'd to and fro;
 The fiery pillar brighten'd
 The gulf of gloom below.

- 6 Thy way is in great waters,
 Thy footsteps are not known;
 Let Adam's sons and daughters
 Confide in Thee alone:
 Through the wild sea Thou leddest
 Thy chosen flocks of yore,
 Still on the waves Thou treadest,
 And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

HYMN 197. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW beautiful the sight
 Of brethren who agree,
 In friendship to unite,
 And bond of charity;
 'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
 O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'Tis like the dews that fill
 The cups of Hermon's flowers;
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,
 Bright with the drops of showers,
 When mingling odours breathe around,
 And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
 Blessings, a boundless store,
 From his unsparing hands,
 Yea, life for evermore:
 Thrice happy they who meet above
 To spend eternity in love!

HYMN 198. P. M.

Prayer for unconverted Relatives.

- 1 **L**ORD our ransom'd souls adore thee,
 Thou our joy and portion art:
 Day and night we plead before thee—
 Answer Lord—thy grace impart,
 Send thy Spirit,
 Pierce, O pierce the stubborn heart.

- 2 Ah! dear Lord, they're bound for ruin,
Hast'ning down to endless wo:
While their danger we are viewing,
Streams of briny sorrow flow.
Lord, alarm them,
Or to ruin they must go!
- 3 See, dear Lord, our near connexions,
Dear companions all around,
Brothers, sisters, children, parents,
Down to desperation bound.
Jesus, save them,
Let the lost again be found.
- 4 Prayers and tears, alas! we've vented;
Shall we weep and pray in vain?
Yet, alas! they seem contented!
Nought but scoffs and frowns we gain.
Jesus, save them,
Save them, Lord, from endless pain.
- 5 Death, it may be, now is near them,
Soon they'll feel his cold embrace;
Gracious heaven shall we hear them
Mourn thy long rejected grace?
Lord, constrain them
Now to seek a Saviour's face.
- 6 Lord, we view the separation
At thy great tremendous bar;
Mourning, weeping, lamentation,
Must be their employment there.
Must we see them
Stand their awful doom to hear?
- 7 Must we there be separated,
Never, never more to meet?
Mournful scene, long contemplated!
Lord, and is there mercy yet?
Lay them prostrate,
Precious Jesus, at thy feet.
- 8 Lord, display thy matchless power,
Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone,
Make them dread that awful hour—
Bow them, lord, before thy throne.
Save them Jesus,
Save them, save them for thine own.

HYMN 199. P. M.

Weeping Mary.

- 1 **W**HEN weeping Mary came to seek
Her loving Lord and Saviour,
'Twas early as the morning broke,
With tears to gain his favour;
The guardian soldiers wait around,
The tomb that held the body;
Of him whom she thought under ground,
With wicked hands all bloody.
- 2 But how her mournful heart was torn,
To find the grave was empty;
In solemn silence she did mourn,
While onward she did venture :
Two Angels in bright raiment shone,
'T' anticipate her sorrow ;
And say why does this creature moan,
And why this gloomy horror.
- 3 Why weep ye Mary, they did say.
Why are you thus in mourning ?
Because they've ta'en my Lord away,
Whom I thought to've seen this morning.
I'll sigh and weep, poor Mary said,
Till I know where they've laid him !
Then quickly turning round her head,
Began for to upbraid them.
- 4 As Jesus by her stood unknown,
She thought he was the gard'ner :
In flowing tears she made her moan,
Not knowing 'twas her pard'ner :
Come tell me where youv'e laid my Lord,
Exclaimed poor weeping Mary ;
Some comfort to my mind afford,
So much oppress'd and wearied.
- 5 O weeping Mary! said the man ;—
She then perceived her Saviour ;
And to his feet she weeping ran
Not fearing harm or danger.
And now like Mary let us go,
And kiss the feet of Jesus,
He'll banish all our grief and wo,
From sorrow he'll relieve us.

HYMN 200. P. M.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE long expected morn
 Has dawn'd upon the earth;
 The Saviour, Christ, is born,
 And angels sing his birth:
 We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
 And share their joys, and swell their song.
- 2 "Good will and peace divine
 To highly favour'd man:"
 No wisdom, Lord; but thine
 T'could form the gracious plan,
 To save the guilty and the lost,
 Thyself remaining true and just.
- 3 Praise then the Lord most high,
 On earth he deigns to dwell;
 Incarnate to destroy
 The works of death and hell:
 Hosanna in the highest strain,—
 "Great peace on earth—Good will to men."

HYMN 201. P. M.

- 1 **H**IS mercies in Jesus renew'd,
 Each morning I wake to adore,
 A fountain of infinite good,
 A sea without bottom or shore.
- 2 My Lord's unexpressibly kind,
 O when shall I thank him above,
 To Jesus eternally join'd
 Absorb'd in the depths of his love.

HYMN 202. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,
 Which heaven and earth amaz ?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
 Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathise!
 The sun as darkest night be black!
 Their Maker, Jesus, dies:

- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood !
Is this the infinite ? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God !
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain !

HYMN 203. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN toss'd on error's stormy tide,
From doubt to darkness driven,
'Twas thine my wandering thoughts to guide
And bid the world no more divide,
My erring heart from heaven.
- 2 As more to fancy's wildering song,
That heart's applause was given ;
To charm it from the joyless throng,
Thy warning seem'd to breathe along,
The holy lyre of heaven.
- 3 But though the warning voice was sweet,
As the last sigh of even,
My soul within its dark retreat,
Reluctant shrunk, and fear'd to meet
A messenger from heaven.
- 4 Yet soon the chain that bound my soul,
By mercy's hand was riven ;
I saw the clouds asunder roll,
And truth, unerring as the pole,
Allur'd me back to heaven.
- 5 My grateful heart must ever glow,
While life and strength are given,
With feelings those alone can know,
Whom thou hast led to seek below,
The blissful hope of heaven.

HYMN 204. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN pulse beats low and cheeks grow pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven ;
When fairest prospects quickly fail,
How sweet to have *a hope in heaven.*
- 2 When friends, that seem'd most near and dear,
Are from our bosoms swiftly riven,
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have *a hope in heaven.*
- 3 When lone and wand'ring far from home,
No kind relief to us is given,
O, what would then of us become,
If we had not *a hope in heaven ?*
- 4 And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, through which we long have striven,
And we at last must droop and die,
How sweet to have a hope in heaven ?

HYMN 205. P. M.

- 1 **T**HIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
There's nothing true but heaven !
- 2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but heaven !
- 3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way ;
There's nothing calm but heaven !

HYMN 206. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shed pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come ! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came ;

A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

- 3 The Lord shall come, a dreadful form !
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm ;
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
As pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene,—the crucified ?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
“ Rocks, hide us ; mountains, on us fall ! ”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “ The Lord is come ! ”

HYMN 207. L. M.

The Parting Hymn.

- 1 **M**Y dearest friends in bands of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove ;
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
- 2 Your comp'ny's sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear ;
And when I find that we must part,
They draw like cords around my heart.
- 3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we did meet to sing and pray ;
How loath we've been to leave the place,
Where Jesus show'd his smiling face.
- 4 O could I stay with friends so kind !
How it would cheer my wounded mind :
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
- 5 How oft we've seen your flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears ;
Your hearts with love have seemed to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
- 6 Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries ;
O trust his grace, and in that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

- 7 Dear fellow youth in christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies ;
Fight on ! you'll gain that happy shore
Where parting hands will be no more.
- 8 But since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while ;
In sweet communion, all in one,
We'll say " Our Father's will be done."
- 9 My christian friends, both old and young,
I hope in Christ you'll all be strong ;
And if on earth we meet no more,
I hope we'll meet on Canaan's shore.
- 10 I hope you'll all remember me,
If here my face no more you see ;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave,
That we may meet beyond the grave.
- 11 O glorious day, O blessed hope !
My heart leaps forward at the thought,
When in that happy, happy land,
We'll no more take the parting hand.
- 12 But with our holy, blessed Lord,
We'll shout and sing with one accord ;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell :
So loving friends all, fare you well !

HYMN 208. P. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;
He sav'd me from my lost estate :
His loving-kindness O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy clond,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood :
His loving-kindness, O how good !

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Jesus to depart;
 But though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 O! may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
 To the bright world of endless day,
 And sing with rapture and surprise,
 His loving-kindness in the skies.

HYMN 209. P. M.

For poor labouring Christians.

- 1 **M**Y heart and my tongue shall unite in the
 praise
 Of Jesus my Saviour for mercy and grace;
 He purchased my pardon by shedding his blood,
 And bids me inherit the peace of my God.
- 2 My lot may be lowly, my parentage mean,
 Yet born of my God there are glories unseen,
 Surpassing all joys among sinners on earth,
 Prepared for souls of a heavenly birth.
- 3 Redeemed from a thousand allurements to sin,
 I find in my cottage my heaven begin;
 And soon shall I lay all my poverty by,
 Then mansions of glory for ever enjoy.
- 4 By the sweat of my brow now I labour for bread,
 Yet guarded by him not an evil I dread:
 And while I'm possess'd of all riches in thee,
 My poverty comes with a blessing to me.
- 5 My labouring dress I shall soon lay aside,
 For a robe bright and splendid, a dress for a
 bride—
 A bride that is married to Jesus the Lamb,
 Shall be clad in the robes which are ever the
 same.
- 6 If my fare should be scant while I travel below,
 Yet a feast that's eternal shall Jesus bestow:

No sorrow, no sighing shall ever annoy,
The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy.

- 7 If my labouring body goes weary to rest,
Yet saved by the mercy of Jesus I'm blest:
Fresh strength for my labour on earth he bestows,
And above I shall bask in eternal repose.

HYMN 210. S. M. D.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the prince of life
Nail'd to th' uplifted wood;
His temples twin'd with rugged thorns,
His body bath'd in blood!
But from this dreadful scene
What joys and glories rise!
For by this cross shall sinners live,
By this ascend the skies.
- 2 This cross a magnet prove,
That shall attract mankind;
Here God appears supremely just,
And here supremely kind.
When sceptres, crowns, and thrones
Melt in the unbounded flame,
Heav'n shall the wonders of the cross
In endless praise proclaim.

HYMN 211. P. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, how great 's the favour,
That we, such sinners poor,
Can, through thy death's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy's door
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace,
There wait the welcome message,
Which bids us go in peace!
- 2 Lord we are helpless creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defiled by nature,
Stupid and inly dead;
Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin;
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

3 In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid?
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the church's head?
Jesus, thou art all pity,
Oh! take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

4 We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints,
But ever be entreating
The glorious King of saints;
Till we attain the image
Of him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

5 Then we, with all in glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing, pleasing story,
Of Jesu's love so great:
In this blest contemplation,
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.

HYMN 212. P. M.

1 **O** MY Lord! I've often mused
On thy wond'rous love to me;
How I have the same abused,
Slighted, disregarded thee!
To thy church and thee a stranger,
Pleased with what displeased thee;
Lost, yet could perceive no danger;
Wounded, yet no wound could see.

2 But unwearied thou pursu'dst me;
Still thy calls repeated came,
Till on Calvary's mount I view'd thee,
Bearing my reproach and blame:
Then o'erwhelmed with shame and sorrow,
Whilst I view each pierced limb,
Tears bedew the scourge's furrow,
Mingling with the purple stream.

- 3 I no more at Mary wonder,
 Dropping tears upon the grave;
 Earnest asking all around her,
 Where is he who died to save?
 Dying love her heart attracted:
 Soon she felt his rising power;
 He, who Mary thus affected,
 Bids his mourners weep no more.

HYMN 213. L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
 Beneath thine own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed:
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment day.
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose!
 And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
 Sleep that shall me more vig'rouse make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 O when shall I, in endless day,
 For ever chase dark sleep away,
 And hymns divine with angels sing,
 Glory to thee, eternal King!

HYMN 214. P. M.

Save, Lord! or we perish.

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
 is streaming.
 When o'er the dark waves the red lightning is
 gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker; "Save, Lord! or we perish."
- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
 Arous'd by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we
perish."

- 3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is
waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransom'd to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord! or we perish."

HYMN 215. P. M.

A compassionate High Priest.

- 1 **W**HEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienc'd ev'ry human pain;
He feels my grief, and sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
'To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies:
Then he, who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry
'The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 And, oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 216. C. M.

For Children.

- 1 **T**HE children's angels always view,
Their heavenly Father's face;
His joyful messengers and true,
In providence and grace:—

- 2 To guard our feeble steps: to keep
From harm our living breath:
Watch o'er our senses while we sleep,
And waft us home in death.
- 3 But not to angels' care alone,
Poor children are consign'd
To God Himself our wants are known,
The Lord to us is kind.
- 4 Yes;—every comfort here below,
And every hope above;
All that we have and are, we owe
To his unfailing love.
- 5 Then let us act as in his sight,
And on our humble way,
Walk in the liberty of light,
As children of the day.
- 6 Young though we be, and in the prime
Of life's unfolding powers,
Of all the moments of our time,
This, only this, is ours.
- 7 We seize it, Lord, before 'tis past;
We yield ourselves to thee;
Thine be our earliest years, our last,
And our eternity.

HYMN 217. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

HYMN 218. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
And taste thy heav'nly grace,
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,
That we must part again,

O let thy gracious presence still
With every soul remain.

- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around thy glorious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.

HYMN 219. P. M.

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 **C**HRIST whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless, is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till the inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit then, this soul of mine,
Pierce this soul of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

HYMN 220. C. M.

Preaching the Gospel.

- 1 **F**ORTH in thy strength, O Lord, I go,
Thy gospel to proclaim,
Thine only righteousness to show,
And glorify thy name.
- 2 Ordained I am, and sent by thee,
As by the Father thou;
And lo! thou always art with me—
I plead thy promised vow.
- 3 O give me now to speak thy word
In this appointed hour!
Attend it with thy spirit, Lord,
And let it come with power.

- 4 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room,
Now let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.
- 5 Give them to hear the word as thine,
And, while they this receive,
Prove it the saving power divine
To sinners that believe.

HYMN 221. P. M.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness,
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far:
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them:
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
- 3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel shall be:
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
The oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

HYMN 222. P. M.

In deep Affliction.

- 1 **F**ULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and doubting more,
Mighty God of my salvation
I thy timely aid implore.
Suffring Son of man be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain;
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish,
In thy days of flesh below,
When thy troubled soul did languish,
Under a whole world of woe;

When thou didst our cause inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruised with all the wrath of God

- 3 By thy most severe temptation,
 In that dark, satanic hour;
 By thy last mysterious passion,
 Screen me from the adverse power:
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By the bloody sweat, I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of thy spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree,
 By thine agonizing merit,
 In thy pangs remember me!
 By thy death I thee conjure,
 A weak, dying soul befriend;
 Make me patient to endure,
 Make me faithful to the end.

HYMN 223. P. M.

For Faith in God.

- 1 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove
 And sink the mountain to a plain;
 Give me the child-like praying love,
 Which longs to build thy house again,
 Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
 And all my simple soul devour!
- 2 I would the precious time redeem,
 And longer live for this alone,
 To spend and to be spent, for them
 Who have not yet my Saviour known;
 Fully on these my mission prove,
 And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
 Into thy blessed hands receive,
 And let me live to preach thy word,
 And let me to thy glory live;
 My every sacred moment spend,
 In publishing the sinner's friend.

- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart,
With boundless charity divine :
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like thine ;
And lead them to thy open side
The sheep for whom the shepherd died.

HYMN 224. L. M.

The Mariner's Prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD of the wide extended main,
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose spirit leads believing souls.
- 2 For thee we leave our native shore,
(We, whom thy love delights to keep,)
In other worlds thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eye appear ;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine ;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity !
- 5 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove :
Amazing height of boundless power ;
Unfathomable depth of love.
- 6 Infinite God, thy greatness spanned,
These heavens, and meted out the skies ;
Lo ! in the hollow of thine hand,
The measured waters sink and rise.
- 7 Thee to perfection who can tell ?
Earth, and her sons beneath thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.
- 8 Yet in thy Son, divinely great,
We claim thy providential care ;
Boldly we stand before thy seat—
Our advocate has placed us there.

- 9 With Him we are gone up on high,
 Since he is ours, and we are his ;
 With Him we reign above the sky,
 Yet walk upon our subject seas.
- 10 We boast of our recover'd powers ;
 Lords are we of the lands, and floods ;
 And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
 And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

HYMN 225. L. M.

The Mariner's Song of Deliverance.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, whose powerful word,
 Bids the tempestuous winds arise—
 Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
 Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
 And seas thine awful will perform ;
 From them we learn to own thy sway,
 And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
 Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
 They cannot damp thy children's joys,
 Or shake thy soul, when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
 And back to highest heaven are borne,
 Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep ;
 And all the watery world upturn.
- 5 Roar on, ye waves, our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest,
 In vain to impair the calm ye try—
 The calm in a believer's breast.
- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
 Thou sea, the servant of his will :
 Rise, while our God permits thee, rise ;
 But fall when He shall say, *Be still !*

HYMN 226. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW dreadful is the sinner's fate,
 Who wakes to sleep no more,
 Who knocks and calls, alas, too late,
 When death hath shut the door !

- 2 But we who now thy grace implore,
Shall now admitted be,
For if thy justice shut the door,
Thy mercy keeps the key.

HYMN 227. P. M.

The Deceitfulness of the Heart.

- 1 **H**OW often, Lord, have I believed
Myself instead of Thee;
Ten thousand, thousand times deceived
By my credulity!
In every victory of grace
I thought the conflict o'er;
So strong my hill of holiness,
I can be moved no more.
- 2 But O, how desperately proud
My wretched heart unknown,
Which told me, "I am filled with God,
And all the work is done!"
It whispered, "I am saved from sin,
And need no further care,
If now I feel it not within,
It is no longer there."
- 3 Yet surely, Lord, I may expect
Thy promises fulfill'd,
Thine image stamp'd on thine elect,
Thy truth and mercy sealed;
The will, in that appointed day,
Thy spirits might employ,
Thrust out the foe, its relics slay,
And finally destroy.
- 4 The sanctifying word is sure;
Thy word concerning me,
Shall make me free indeed, and pure,
From all iniquity.
Then shall my heart no more deceive,
While by my Saviour known;
Whate'er I am, to thee I leave,
And trust to thee alone.

HYMN 228. C. M.

Hope in the End.

- 1 **I** TAKE thee at thy gracious word;
Let it accomplished be,
According to thy promise, Lord,
In death remember me;
- 2 O seal it—seal it on my heart
And when I life resign,
My hope, if in the end thou art,
Thou art for ever mine.

HYMN 229. P. M.

For domestic Worship.

- 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious spirit cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favoured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

HYMN 230. P. M.

God Unsearchable.

- 1 **S**HALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond archangels go,
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar,
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

- 2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
 They cannot numbered be;
 Incomprehensible the space
 Of thine immensity:
 Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
 In vain we strive to sound,
 Or stretch our labouring thought t' assign,
 Omnipotence a bound.
- 3 The brightness of thy glory leaves
 Description far below;
 Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
 How deep thy mercies flow:
 Thy love is most unsearchable,
 And dazzles all above;
 They gaze, but cannot count or tell,
 The treasures of thy love!

HYMN 231. S. M.

The Fall.

- 1 **S**HE saw; she took; she ate;
 Death entered by the eye:
 And parlying, in a tempted state,
 We lust, consent, and die.
- 2 But all mankind, restored,
 Their Eden may retrieve:
 And, lo! by faith we see our Lord
 We touch, and taste, and live!
- 3 Jesus, thou art a tree
 That makes the foolish wise,
 And safely we may feed on thee,
 And feast both heart and eyes.
- 4 Wisdom divine thou art,
 Received through faith alone;
 And when thou dost thyself impart,
 We know as we are known.

HYMN 232. P. M.

Pleasure-takers warned.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou too happy sinner, stay,
 Smooth-gliding down the flowery way,
 The broad frequented road;

Gay wretch, that dost in pleasure live
And all thy joy from earth receive,
Thy soul is dead to God.

- 2 When death doth soul and body part,
If dead to God, even then thou art,
Excluded from the skies;
Shut up in darkness palpable,
And justly left to its own hell,
Thy soul for ever dies.

HYMN 233. P. M.

Late Repentance.

- 1 **T**HE harvest of my joys is past,
The summer of my comforts fled,
Yet I am unredeemed at last,
And sink unsaved among the dead,
If on the margin of the grave,
Thou canst not in a moment save.
- 2 Destroy me not by thy delay ;
Delay is endless death to me :
But the last moment of my day,
Is as a thousand years to thee
Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
And show me thy salvation now !

HYMN 234. C. M. D.

Self-deceivers.

- 1 **T**HE men who slight thy faithful word
In their own lies confide—
These are the temple of the Lord,
And heathen all beside.
The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.
- 2 The temple of the Lord—they pull
Thy living temples down,
And cast out every gracious soul,
That trembles at thy frown :
The church—they from their pale expel,
Whom thou hast here forgiven :
And all the synagogue of hell
Are the sole heirs of heaven.

- 3 O woul'dst thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief,
The world, the Christian world, convince
Of damning unbelief;
The formalists confound, convert,
And to thy people join,
And break and fill the broken heart,
With confidence divine!

HYMN 235. C. M.

The Communion of Saints.

- 1 **T**HE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
At his command we bow;
Part of the stream has crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide
And land us safe in heaven.

HYMN 236. L. M.

It is appointed unto all men once to die.

- 1 **T**HE sentence passed on Adam's race,
I meekly to myself receive,
And thank thee for the warning grace,
That here I have not long to live.
- 2 I hasten to my real home;
For no reprieve nor respite cry;
But when the fatal hour is come,
My only business be, to die.

HYMN 237. L. M.

Night.

- 1 **T**HEE in the watches of the night,
Do I not, Lord, remember still,
And meditate, with calm delight,
On the dear counsels of thy will?
- 2 Thy will is my perfection here;
And sighs for this my whole desire;
T' attain thy heavenly character,
And spotless in thy arms expire.

HYMN 238. C. M.

Before a Journey.

- 1 **F**ORTH at thy call, oh Lord, I go,
Thy counsel to fulfil;
'Tis all my business here below
Father, to do thy will.
- 2 To do thy will while here I make
My short unfix'd abode;
An everlasting home I seek,
A city built by God.
- 3 O, when shall I my Canaan gain,
The land of promised ease,
And leave the world of sin and pain,
This howling wilderness!
- 4 Come to my help, come quickly, Lord,
For whom alone I sigh;
O let me hear the gracious word,
And get me up, and die.

HYMN 239. C. M.

On a Journey.

SAVIOUR, who ready art to hear,
Readier than I to pray,
Answer my scarcely uttered prayer,
And meet me on the way.

HYMN 240. C. M.

After a Journey.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, hast blessed my going out,
O bless my coming in!

- Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And guard my naked head.
- 3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare,
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er
By giving thee my heart.
- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from strife release:
I ask not life; but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

HYMN 241. C. M.

The sorrowful Pilgrim.

- 1 **T**HE wretched man of sorrow,
Whose eyes all day o'erflow,
Indulge thy grief and borrow
The night for farther woe:
In ceaseless lamentation,
Thy solemn moments spend,
And groan thy expectation,
That pain, with life, shall end.
- 2 My comforts are all blasted,
My comforter is gone;
The joy which once I tasted,
O that I ne'er had known!
The gourd, which soothed my anguish,
Is withered o'er my head,
And faint with grief, I languish
To sink among the dead.
- 3 From all I suffer here,
If God my sins forgive,
From all I feel, and fear,
I there, redeemed, shall live:

- No serpent to deceive me,
 No sin to stain my thought,
 No loss, or wrong to grieve me,
 Where all things are forgot.
- 4 No heart-distracting passion
 Is there to break my peace ;
 But joy without cessation,
 And love without excess :
 Of Paradise secure,
 I shall no longer mourn ;
 The bliss is full and sure,
 The rose without a thorn.
- 5 In hope of that salvation,
 I feel a moment's rest :
 The calm of expectation
 Has stole into my breast ;
 I weep at rescue near,
 I struggle to be gone,
 And joy is in the tear,
 And God is in the groan.

HYMN 242. P. M.

- 1 **I**F life's pleasures charm thee, give them not
 thy heart,
 Lest the gift ensnare thee from thy God to part ;
 His favour seek, his praises speak,
 Fix here thy hope's foundation ;
 Serve him, and he will ever be
 The Rock of thy salvation.
- 2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
 Let not grief appal thee ; to thy Saviour flee ;
 He, ever near, thy prayer will hear,
 And calm thy perturbation :
 The waves of wo shall ne'er o'erflow
 The Rock of thy salvation.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not dis-
 tress,
 Better comforts with thee ; Christ will freely
 bless ;
 To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
 Thy heavenly consolation :
 For griefs below cannot o'erthrow
 The Rock of thy salvation.

- 4 Dangers may approach thee, let them not alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from
harm,
He near thee stands with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation :
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.
- 5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his
blow,
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow,
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation :
'Tis gain to die with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

HYMN 243. C. M. D.

- 1 **T**O see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu ;
While friends are weeping all around,
And loath to let him go ;
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below !
- 2 Oh Christians ! are you ready now
To cross the swelling flood ?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see your smiling God :
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above ;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.
- 3 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there ;
Although we tread enchanted ground,
Be bold, and never fear :
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
(Your Captain is in view ;)
And when I gain fair Canaan's land,
I hope to meet with you.
- 4 Salvation through our conqu'ring King,
Now let the echo fly ;

While they repeat the song above,
 Through armies in the sky.
 Oh Christians! help me praise the Lamb,
 Who died for you and me!
 We'll sing his praises as we go,
 And shout eternally.

- 5 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
 Until we meet again,
 Perhaps in time, or as we rise
 Above the fiery main;
 We'll join the heavenly armies bright,
 In presence of the Lamb,
 And tune our harps and sing free grace,
 In love's eternal flame,

HYMN 244. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,
 Bleeding to death for wretched me,
 Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart;
 In every groan I bear a part;
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
 But see! he bows his head and dies!
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood!
 Behold his side, and venture near;
 The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
 Only the Fountain Head above
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh that I thus could always feel!
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim,
 The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
 Affords a balm for every wound,
 And Satan trembles at the sound

HYMN 245. P. M.

- 1 **B**BOTHER, thou art before us gone, and thy
saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sor-
row is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and
fear releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.
- 2 The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and
borne the heav'y load,
But Christ has taught thy languid feet to reach
his blest abode ;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus, upon his
Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.
- 3 Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith
assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ, and the Holy
Spirit fail ;
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom
on earth thou loved'st best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.
- 4 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the
solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal
thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the
faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.
- 5 And when the Lord shall summon us, whom
thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a wel-
come find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a
glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

HYMN 246. L. M.

THE schools of scribes, and courts of kings,
 The learned and great he passes by,
 Chooses the weak and foolish things,
 His truth and grace to testify :
 Plain simple men, his call endues
 With power and wisdom from above ;
 And such he still vouchsafes to use,
 Who nothing know but Jesu's love.

HYMN 247. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE great God of love, now hath shined from
 above,
 And hath taught us the *Impartial Song* ;
 The Spirit is come and the work is begun,
 And we all are united in one.
- 2 Salvation we see, for all nations is free,
 The members of Christ are all one ?
 We'll march uniform,—without fear face the
 storm.
 Ever singing the *Impartial Song*.
- 3 Thus joined in one, the good race we will run,
 Pressing onward in faith, without fear ;
 Such objects pursue, as the world never knew,
 And never will till the gospel they hear.
- 4 The Spirit of God now hath taught us the road,
 And the comforter leads us along ;
 'The book is unseal'd, Judah's Lion takes the field,
 And inspires with the *Impartial Song*.
- 5 We'll mount on the wing, and with ardour we'll
 sing,
 Hallelujahs to God and the Lamb ;
 With rapture we'll sound, o'er Immanuel's
 ground,
 What a precious Redeemer hath done.
- 6 O glorious days ! when in raptures of praise,
 Join'd with seraphs in mansions above,
 Free grace we shall sound, through eternity's
 round,
 And our union still heighten in love.

- 7 Then let us be true, and our journey pursue,
Toward heaven, our glorious home ;
Still rul'd by the word, Christ has left on record,
Singing glory to Jesus.—Amen.

HYMN 248. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN swelling Jordan o'er us rolls,
Should Christ his lovely presence hide,
Will it not overwhelm our souls,
Before we reach the Canaan side ?
- 2 Who knows how deep the flood may be,
When we our awful summons hear ;
Or what dark prospect we may see,
When his black banners death shall rear ?
- 3 Well, should the tyrant death display
His fiercest form when we pass o'er,
Our skilful guide knows all the way,
From Jordan's brink, to Canaan's shore.
- 4 Yes, the Redeemer once was dead !
And, when he pass'd the gloomy grave,
Death's blackest waves roll'd o'er his head,
That we might know his power to save.
- 5 Jesus has conquered death for us,
When his dark mansions he pass'd through :
He to a blessing turn'd the curse,
And we shall triumph o'er him too.

HYMN 249. P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, happy believer in Jesus !
Tho' all things around thee may frown,
At present whatever thy case is,
This know, thou art born to a crown :
Then let not earth's trifles oppress thee,
Thy kingdom's preparing above ;
Be faithful, and Jesus will bless thee,
With joys that can never remove.
- 2 O envy not those who aspire
In splendor and honor to live ;
When their's is all burnt up with fire,
Thy portion will be to receive.
Hail happy believer in Jesus !
No longer for trifles now care ;

Thy kingdom above never ceases,
And Jesus will soon call thee there.

HYMN 250. C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins:
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be,)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

HYMN 251. P. M.

Hallelujah.

- 1 **H**ARK the song of Jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore;
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign;

Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd
Sheathed his sword: He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall,
Hallelujah! Christ is God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

HYMN 252. S. M.

The Church militant learning the Church triumphant's Song.

- 1 **S**ING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock, appear
One shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await,
On earth the pilgrim throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

- 6 Then, hallelujah! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given;
 May all who now this anthem raise,
 Renew the strain in heaven.

HYMN 253. C. M.

O save me for thy mercy's sake.

- 1 **M**ERCY alone can meet my case;
 For mercy, Lord, I cry:
 Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
 In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me—for none beside can save;
 At thy command I tread,
 With failing step, life's stormy wave;—
 The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just;
 But wilt thou leave me? No:
 I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;
 I will not let thee go.
- 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands
 And ever must abide;
 Behold it written on thy hands,
 And graven in thy side.
- 5 To this, this only will I cleave;
 Thy word is all my plea;
 That word is truth, and I believe;—
 Have mercy, Lord, on me!

HYMN 254. P. M.

The Image of God.

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
 Glorify thyself in me;
 Meekly beaming in my face,
 May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
 Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
 Fix my thoughts on things above;
 Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
 To thy will—thy will be done,
 Give me Lord, the perfect mind,
 Of thy well-beloved Son.

- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
 May I tread the path He trod,
 Die with Jesus on the cross,
 Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

HYMN 255. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to reflect on those joys that await
 me,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
 Where glorify'd spirits with welcome shall greet
 me,
 And lead me to mansions prepar'd for the blest;
 Encircled in light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight thro' the *Eden of Love*.
- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tun'd celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terres-
 trial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise;
 The song of redemption shall echo thro' heaven,
 My soul will respond, to Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us thro' grace to the *Eden of Love*.
- 3 Hail! blessed estate! Hail ye songsters of glory!
 Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 "Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love."
 Though prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me when free'd from probation:
 My heart's now in heaven, the *Eden of Love*.

HYMN 256. P. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE my blessed Saviour,
 I feel I'm in his favour,
 And I am his for ever,
 If I but faithful prove;
 And now I'm bound for Canaan,
 I feel my sins forgiv'n,
 And soon shall get to heaven,
 To sing of his love.

- 2 Poor sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
But n^o thing shall divide me,
From Jesus my friend :
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour,
That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.
- 3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love.
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to their Lord, there
To praise him above.
- 4 My thirsty soul is panting,
My body almost fainting,
While praise and pray'r are venting,
From my feeble tongue.
How ardent my desire!
Lord Jesus, raise me higher,
To join the holy choir,
In that immortal song.
- 5 Farewell, I'm bound for glory,
How pleasing is the story!
Those shining worlds before me,
Invite me to be gone.
Had I angels' pinions,
I'd range the bright dominions,
And join the shining millions,
Who're shouting round the throne.
- 6 The pleasing smile of Jesus,
The rapturous sound increases,
And tunes the heavenly voices,
Throughout the ethereal plains.
My flesh and spirit failing,
My soul in transports hailing,
Bright seraphs in their dwelling,
I sing immortal strains.

HYMN 257. P. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, while he dwelt below,
As divine historians say,
To a place would often go;
Near to Kedron's brook it lay;
In this place he lov'd to be,
And 'twas nam'd *Gethsemane*.
- 2 Full of love to man's lost race,
On this conflict much he thought;
This he knew, the destin'd place,
And he lov'd the sacred spot.
Therefore 'twas he lik'd to be
Often in *Gethsemane*.
- 3 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.
See, my soul, thy Saviour see,
Groveling in *Gethsemane*.
- 4 There my Saviour bore my guilt;
This through grace can be believ'd;
But the horrors which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceiv'd:
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful dark *Gethsemane*.
- 5 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against his righteous laws—
Sins against his love, his blood—
Sins against his name and cause—
Sins immense as is the sea,
Hide me, O *Gethsemane*.
- 6 Saviour, all the stone remove
From my flinty, frozen heart;
Thaw it with the beams of love—
Pierce it with a blood-dipt dart:
Wound the heart that wounded thee;
Melt me in *Gethsemane*.

HYMN 258. P. M.

- 1 **I** AM on my way to heaven,
My sins are all forgiven;
How thankful, thankful, thankful am I;

Down from the holy city,
The Lord did look in pity;
And mercy, mercy, he sent from the sky,
My burthen for to lighten,
My evidence to brighten,
And to reveal his love to me,
And thus my joys to heighten;
Should earth and hell against me join,
My soul, they cannot frighten,
For Jesus, Jesus, I find him my friend.

2 O! what a loving Saviour!
How ready to show favour
To sinners like me, who have stray'd from their
God!

I, like a wretched scoffer,
Refused every offer,
But still he pursued with the cries of his blood.
The law it did arrest me,
My nature did oppress me,
And all the sins that I had done,
They sorely did distress me;
But when the good Physician came,
He heal'd my soul, and bless'd me,
Then Jesus, Jesus, I found was my friend.

3 Not all this world's gay pleasure
Affords such lasting treasure
As Jesus's love, when we feel it flow;
Until our body's risen,
We'll fear no bonds or prison,
For Jesus looks down and he guards us below:
Our Jesus he doth arm us,
His Spirit it doth warm us,
And if to Jesus we prove true,
No enemies can harm us:
Should death invade our mortal frame,
This never can alarm us,
For Jesus, Jesus, will still be our friend.

4 I'm happy now in seeing
So many sinners fleeing
To Jesus, whose ways are all pleasure and peace;
Alone I shall not travel,
In spite of man or devil,
For daily I see their numbers increase;

And Jesus now is pleading,
 His Spirit is interceding,
 His ministers are gone to preach,
 His kingdom they are spreading;
 They cry to all, both great and small,
 Come, sinners, to the wedding,
 For Jesus, Jesus is our dearest friend.

HYMN 259. P. M.

- 1 **S**EE how the Scriptures are fulfilling;
 Poor sinners are returning home:
 The time that prophets were fortelling,
 With signs and wonders now is come:
 The gospel trumpets now are blowing
 From sea to sea, from land to land;
 God's Holy Spirit is down pouring,
 And Christians joining heart and hand.
- 2 Ten thousand fall before Jehovah,
 For mercy—mercy! loud they cry;
 They rise all shouting "hallelujah!"
 And "glory be to God on high:"
 But many cry, "It's all disorder,"
 And disbelieve God's holy word;
 Yet Christians sing and shout the louder,
 "All glory, glory to the Lord."
- 3 Oh sinners! hear our invitation!
 You are but feeble, dying worms;
 Oh fly to Jesus for salvation,
 Or you must meet God's awful storms:
 We warn you in the name of Jesus,
 The awful Judge of quick and dead;
 But if you still refuse to hear us,
 Your blood shall be upon your head.
- 4 Now God is calling every nation,
 The bond and free, the rich and poor;
 These are the days of visitation;
 Sweet gospel grace will soon be o'er:
 The Lord shall come all clothed in thunder
 And lightning streaming from his eye;
 Oh! then he'll cut his foes asunder,
 And cast them where the damned lie.
- 5 The sun, affrighted from his centre,
 Sinks into everlasting night;

The stars to shine now dare not venture,
 The moon in crimson veils her light :
 The sea and land together burning,
 The flames ascend the melting skies ;
 All nature now to nought's returning !
 " Time is no more ! " the angel cries.

- 6 Now Zion, clothed in brilliant glory,
 Marches towards the dazzling throne :
 Oh, hearken to the pleasant story ;—
 When Christ his charming bride shall own.
 With smiling looks of approbation,
 He takes her to his loving arms,
 And she is filled with transportation,
 Dissolved in his heavenly charms.

HYMN 260. P. M.

- 1 **T**EMPTED, tossed, troubled spirit,
 Dost thou groan beneath thy load ?
 Fearing thou shalt not inherit
 In the kingdom of thy God ?
 View thy Saviour on the mountain,
 In temptation's painful hour ;
 Though of grace himself the fountain,
 And the Lord of boundless power.
- 2 Do thy blooming prospects languish ?
 Say'st thou still, " I'm not his child ?"
 View thy Saviour's dreadful anguish,
 Famish'd in the gloomy wild.
 Not a step in all thy journey,
 Through this gloomy vale of tears,
 But thy Lord hath trod before thee,
 And thy way to glory clears.
- 3 Though through seas of tribulation
 Jesus calls thee here to go,
 He hath wrought thy great salvation
 In far deeper seas of wo.
 Jesus, though by God anointed,
 Christ, the co-eternal Son,
 As by love divine appointed,
 Treads the wine-press all alone.
- 4 Sinks thy soul in waves of sorrow ?
 Pass o'er Kedron's rolling flood,

Witness there the doleful horror
Of the suffering Son of God.
There the victim, groaning, weeping,
Bears the wrath of God alone,
While his senseless followers, sleeping,
Scarce regard a single groan.

- 5 On the chilly ground extended,
Lo, he takes the bitter cup!
With Almighty vengeance blended,
Drinks the dreadful contents up;
Now the avenging sword pursues him
Up to Calv'ry's rugged brow;
There the wrath of God doth bruise him,
But *my soul* escapes the blow.
- 6 Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be unto the Father given;
Sing his praises without ceasing,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.
Glory be to Christ the Saviour,
Who hath bought us with his blood;
Glory to the blessed Spirit,
Glory to the mighty God.

HYMN 261. P. M.

- 1 **P**REST, my soul, with future prospect,
Sing creation's dismal end;
Long foretold by sacred prophets,—
Holy muse thy succour lend:
Say what horror, what confusion,
Will each sinful heart dismay;
What distresses, torture, anguish,
Reigns in that tremendous day.
- 2 Rumbling thunder, forked lightning,
Ghastly glaring thwart the gloom;
Nature trembling to her centre,
Groans prophetic of her doom:
Clifty rocks, and lofty mountains,
O'er their trembling bases rock;
While earth yawns in frightful chasms,
With each strong repeated shock.
- 3 Seas with horrid palpitations,
Ravage round their frightened shores;

Blust'ring winds with frantic fury,
Through each ruin'd fabric roars :
The sun's bright orb is veil'd in sackcloth,
Stript of all his sparkling beams ;
The moon has dropt her silver radiance,
And dissolves in purple streams.

4 Stars, of late divinely brilliant,
Studding night's cimmerician robe ;
Hurl'd in darkness from their orbits,
Each a dark and ruin'd globe :
Hark ! the martial trumpet sounding,
Rends in twain the crystal sky ;
Vengeance blazing, lights the concave
Of profound eternity.

5 See the sov'reign ether furling,
Nobler scenes salute my eyes ;
Heaven in solemn pomp descending,
Crimson banners dress the skies :
On the arched striped rainbow,
Sits enthroned the eternal God ;
Myriads of celestial warriors,
Round him wait his awful nod.

6 Go, he cries, ye winged heralds,
Bring my saints from every wind ;
Those from death my blood has ransom'd,
Those in life's fair volume penn'd.
Straight a holy troop obsequious,
Swift as lightning skims along ;
And from every grave collecting,
Jesus' dear redeemed throng.

7 Rous'd from tombs poor sinners hasten,
At the last loud trumpet's sound ;
Round they gaze with wild amazement,
Wond'ring at the scene profound :
Fill'd with horror, dread, and anguish,
Rocks and mountains they implore,
To fall and crush them out of being,
Wishing now to be no more.

8 Hark ! the herald calls to judgment,
Justice draws the glitt'ring sword ;
Lightning glances from his aspect,
Thunder clothes his awful word :

Go, ye cursed, fill'd with vengeance,
 Not for peace my name invoke;
 You who once refus'd my mercy,
 And my fury dar'd provoke.

- 9 Go to pits of burning sulphur,
 Ever banish'd from my rest;
 Where the soul's eternal 'larum,
 Ceaseless beats your pulsive breast:
 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breast;
 For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,
 Never more to hope for rest.

HYMN 262. P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT wondrous love is this, O! my soul! O!
 my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, that caus'd the Lord
 of bliss,
 To send this precious peace to my soul, to my soul,
 To send this precious peace to my soul.
- 2 When I was sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, beneath God's right-
 teous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for my
 soul,
 Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul!
- 3 Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts and voices
 sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise, &c.
 And strike each tuneful string in his praise.
- 4 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
 To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM!
 While millions join the theme I will sing, &c.
 While millions join the theme I will sing.
- 5 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, &c.
 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on,

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joy-
ful be;
And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.
And through eternity I'll sing on.

HYMN 263. P. M.

1 **W**HEN souls are first converted,
They mount on wings above,
The world thinks they're distracted
Because they're fill'd with love.
They fly from every evil,
They trust in God alone,
They long to get to heaven,
Their most desired home.

2 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Beset them on each hand,
Bestrew their paths with evil,
Debar them from that land;
But Jesus still invites you,
Come follow, follow me,
And I will fight your battles
And gain your liberty.

O! why are you dismayed,
The Saviour now inquires,
When we are getting ready,
And just are going to rise;
To rise above, triumphing,
In that bright world of joy,
Where all things are provided,
There's nothing to annoy.

4 In hopes of that bright morning,
When all the saints get home,
When we arrive at heaven,
Our most desired home—
I'll try to live a Christian
While here below I stay;
I'll watch and I'll be sober,
I'll watch and try to pray.

HYMN 264. P. M.

1 **A** FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs always
free;
For washing and cleansing such sinners as we;

Our sins, though like crimson, made white as the wool,

No lack in the fountain, but always is full.

All things are now ready, he invites us to come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son;
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may receive,
A living for ever, if we will believe.

The guests which were bidden, refused the call,
For they were not ready nor willing at all,
To be stripp'd of their honour and part with
their store,

For a feast that was given and made for the poor.

If they are not ready and wish to delay,
My house shall be filled, the Father doth say:
The highways and hedges, the halt and the blind,
Shall come and be welcome, the supper is mine.

He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich kind,
A garment not woven, but richly refin'd:
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the King,
A plan of the Father in glory to sing.

HYMN 265. S. M.

1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, ev'ry heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising pow'r;
Sing, how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

6 Soon shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of *Moses and the Lamb*.

HYMN 266. P. M.

The Preacher's Adieu.

- 1 **A** DIEU, my dear brethren, adieu,
Reluctant I give you my hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on mount Zion shall stand.
My heart swells with tender regret,
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.
- 2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight I remove.
While roving the wilds of the west,
When through foreign regions I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.
- 3 Our labours will shortly subside,
For vigour and life must decay,
But wisdom and truth shall abide,
To pilot our souls on the way.
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.
- 4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in Paradise blest.
Sweet comforting spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentations to praise.
- 5 O may we conform to his will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,
Our covenant vows to fulfil,
Till Jesus shall sign our release.

Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conqueror greet.

HYMN 267. P. M

Sweet Home.

- A**N alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Saviour! direct me to heaven my home.
- 2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay:
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.
- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of Mercy, I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home!
- 4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!
- 5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence for ever at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.
- 6 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;

There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
 They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 They dwell with the Saviour forever at home.

HYMN 268. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN by sin overwhelm'd, shame covers our face,
 We look unto Jesus, who saves us by grace;
 We call on his name, from the gulf of despair,
 And he plucks us from hell, in answer to prayer:
 Prayer, sweet prayer,
 Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer.
- 2 When trials afflict us, and sorrows o'erflow,
 When patience is weary, or sunk into wo,
 If to him we look, on him cast our care,
 We find certain relief, in answer to prayer:
 Prayer, sweet prayer,
 In all our distresses, there's nothing like prayer.
- 3 When God we approach, through the Son of his love,
 Both his mercy and truth we know we shall prove;
 For our comfort and peace, his arm is made bare,
 And his grace we receive, in answer to prayer:
 Prayer, sweet prayer,
 Be it ever so humble, there's nothing like prayer.
- 4 Holy Spirit of truth,—'tis thine to inspire,
 The faith that enkindles the spark of desire!
 Which cleanses the heart and perfumes all the air,
 With the odour of incense, ascending from prayer,
 Prayer, sweet prayer,
 In all acts of devotion, there's nothing like prayer!
- 5 When sickness assails, and to death we draw near,
 We'll face the grim monster, divested of fear,
 In Jesus's love, we shall have a full share,
 While the flame is kept bright in answer to prayer;
 Prayer, sweet prayer,
 Both in life and in death there's nothing like prayer!

HYMN 269. P. M.

Home.

- 1 **H**OW sad are the moments when wandering
from God,
And thorny and dark is the dangerous road,
But light is the pathway which leads to the tomb,
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,
When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus my home.
- 2 Though fading are joys which earth can bestow,
And false is the light which illumines us below;
Though sorrows like clouds hang around us in
gloom,
The beams of his love light me on my way home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,
The beams of his love light me on my way
home.
- 3 When the tempest of life has sunk into repose,
And death shall the beauties of heaven disclose,
With all the redeem'd, I o'er it will roam,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet, home,
And sing hallelujah to Jesus my home.

HYMN 270. P. M.

Farewell Hymn.

- 1 **F**ARE ye well, ye favourite few,
I must bid you all adieu;
But the Lord is with you still,
Fear you not, but fare you well.
- 2 Fare ye well, ye little flock
Whom the world revile and mock;
Keep the way to endless bliss,
Then you cannot fare amiss.
- 3 Fare ye well, my Lord's elect,
Trials you must all expect;
From the world the flesh and hell,
But the faithful shall fare well.
- 4 Fare ye well, ye saints of God,
Wash'd and cleans'd in Jesus blood:

Strive in goodness to excel,
Live to God and you'll fare well.

5 Fare ye well, ye pious band,
March ye on for Canaan's land,
Tread on all the powers of hell,
March in faith and you'll fare well.

6 Fare ye well, brave soldiers dear,
Crowns of life you all may wear ;
Christ will all your foes repel,
Fight in faith and you'll fare well.

7 Ye who taste a Saviour's love,
Feel his drawings from above,
Still endeavour to excel,
And you'll finally fare well.

8 Fare ye well, poor sinners too,
Jesus Christ still waits for you ;
Now repent and 'scape from hell,
Flee to Christ and you'll fare well.

9 Feeble souls with fears opprest,
Jesus bears you on his breast ;
He will all your foes dispel,
Fear ye not but fare ye well.

10 When a few more storms are o'er,
We shall meet to part no more ;
Meet with Jesus Christ to dwell,
In a world where all fare well.

HYMN 271. P. M.

1 **C**HRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still :
Who will serve this blessed king
Come enlist, and with me sing—
I his soldier sure shall be
Happy in eternity.

2 Zion's king my captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss ;
Present pay I now receive ;
Future happiness he'll give :
I his soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

3 What a captain I have got
Is not mine a happy lot ?

Therefore will I take the sword,
And fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
I his soldier sure shall be ;
Happy in eternity.

4 Brother soldier, still fight on
Till the battle thou hast won ;
The great captain we did choose
Never did a battle loose.
We his soldiers sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

5 Come ye world kings, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ :
Whosoever will, may come ;
Jesus Christ refuseth none.
You his soldier sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

6 Jesus is my captain's name,
Now as yesterday the same ;
In his name I notice give,
All who comes he will receive :
You his soldiers then will be,
Happy in eternity.

7 Be persuaded, take his pay ;
All your sins he'll wash away ;
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he'll give :
Yes, in heaven you sure shall be,
Praising God eternally.

HYMN 272. P. M.

God's patience to Sinners.

1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,
Not in torments, not in hell ?
Still doth thy good spirit strive,
With the chief of sinners dwell ?
Tell it unto sinners, tell,
That I still am out of hell !

2 Yes, I still lift up my eyes,
Will not of thy love despair ;
Still, in spite of sin, I rise,
Still I bow to thee in prayer.
Tell it unto sinners, tell
That I still am out of hell !

- 3 Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Jesus, Saviour, can it be?
All thy mercies' height I prove,
All the depth is seen in me.
Tell it unto sinners, tell
That I still am out of hell!
- 4 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
All unholy and unclean;
Only ease me of my guilt;
I am nothing else but sin.
Tell it unto sinners, tell
That I still am out of hell!
- 5 Father, thou dost seem to frown:
To Christ's blood help to fly;
Now me shelter in thy Son;
Jesus, save me, or I die.
Tell it unto sinners, tell
That I still am out of hell!

HYMN 273. P. M.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear;
Now, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply
With saving power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day:

Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown the gospel with success.

HYMN 274. P. M.

A warning to Youths.

- 1 **O**H ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear the shroud!
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb;
Then you'll cry, and want to be
Happy in eternity.
- 2 Will you go to heaven? or hell?
One you must, and there to dwell:
Christ will come, and quickly too;
I must meet him, so must you;
Then you'll cry, &c.
- 3 The white throne will soon appear,
All the world must then draw near.
Sinners will be driven down—
Saints will wear the starry crown.
Sinners, you'll cry, &c.

HYMN 275. P. M.

On Prayer.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, give us power to pray
While assembled here to day;
Let not now our waiting heart
From the living God depart.
- 2 Saviour, give us power to claim
All that's promised in thy name;
Raise us from the grave of sin;
Now the quick'ning work begin.
- 3 Now the mighty-moving give;
Let the dead begin to live;
All our doubts remove away;
Give us power to watch and pray.
- 4 Visit every waiting heart;
Now the life of God impart;
Let us now together sing;
Nearer now thy blessing bring.
- 5 Let the blind begin to see;
Let the captive soul be free;

Soldiers, all begin to sing,
Glory to our conquering king.

HYMN 276. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW strange is the course that a Christian
must steer!
How perplexed is the path he must tread!
The hope of his happiness rises from fear,
And his life he receives from the dead.
- 2 His fairest pretensions must wholly be waved,
And his best resolutions be crossed;
Nor can he expect to be perfectly saved,
Till he find himself utterly lost.
- 3 When all this is done, and his heart is assured
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is signed, and his peace is
procured,
From that moment his conflict begins.

HYMN 277. P. M.

- 1 **E**LIJAH'S example declares,
Whatever distress may betide;
The saints may commit all their cares
To him, who will surely provide:
When rain, long withheld from the earth,
Occasion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, secure from the dearth,
By ravens was constantly fed.
- 2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens, who live upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodness will find out a way;
This instance to those may seem strange
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of God's promises fail.
- 3 How safe, and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely;
He gives them out strength for their day,
Their wants he will surely supply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;

Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

HYMN 278. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow.
- 2 Till Death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
'Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.
- 3 'Tis finished—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.
- 5 'Tis finished—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finished—legal worship ends,
And Gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away,
And a new world begun.

HYMN 279. C. M.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name:
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

- 4 Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form (his) soul for God:
Baptize (him) with thy spirit, Lord,
And wash (him) in thy blood.
- 5 Thus to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come;
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.
- 6 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall lead our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN 280. L. M.

Mercy.

- 1 **S**WEET were the sounds that reach'd our ears
When mercy rais'd her heav'nly voice;
'Twas mercy that dispell'd our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.
- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,
Compar'd with mercy's heav'nly song;
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear
The voice that gives our conscience rest,
That dissipates our guilty fear,
And tells us we are truly blest!
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
And bind our souls with cords of love!
Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
And gives us hope of joys above.

HYMN 281. P. M.

Patience.

- 1 **T**HOUGH the heart that sorrow chideth,
Sink in anguish and in care;
Yet, if patience still abideth,
Hope shall paint her rainbow there.
- 2 Hope's bright lamp her light shall borrow
From religion's blessed ray,
And from many a coming morrow
Charm the clouds of grief away.

3 Wherefore should we sigh and languish,
 Since our cares so soon shall cease?
 And the heart that sows in anguish,
 Shall hereafter reap in peace.

4 This is not a scene of pleasure,
 These are not the shores of bliss;
 We shall gain a brighter treasure,
 Find a dearer land than this.

HYMN 282. P. M.

The Christian Pilgrim.

1 **P**ILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
 Come the way to Zion's gate;
 There, till mercy speaks within,
 Knock and weep, and watch and wait.
 Knock—he knows the sinner's cry,
 Weep—he loves the mourner's tears,
 Watch—for saving grace is nigh,
 Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark, it is thy Saviour's voice!
 "Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest."
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe and own'd, and bought and blest.
 Safe—from all the lures of vice,
 Own'd—by joys the contrite know,
 Bought—by love, and life the price,
 Blest—the mighty debt to owe!

3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
 In a world like this remains?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear and shame, and doubt and pains.
 Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee,
 Shame—from glory's view retire,
 Doubt—in full belief shall die,
 Pain—in endless bliss expire.

HYMN 283. P. M.

Thunder.

1 **W**HEN in dark and dreadful gloom,
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
 Black as if the day of doom
 Hung o'er nature's shrinking head:

When the lightning breaks from high,
God is coming—God is nigh!

- 2 Then we hear his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls;
Nature startles, nature reels,
From the centre to the poles:
Then the ocean, earth, and sky,
Tremble as he passes by!
- 3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should he from his ark of storms
Rend the veil and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye
All the universe would die.
- 4 God of vengeance! from above,
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art love!
Spare, O spare a guilty world!
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,
Let the bow of promise smile!

HYMN 284. C. M.

Sickness.

- 1 **T**HIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Soon, too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 4 If such the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above,
In Jesus' presence know!
- 5 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Til', from her sinful cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away!

HYMN 285. P. M.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smiles by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee !
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays,
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And ev'ry flow'r the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

HYMN 286. C. M.

- 1 **H**E lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.
- 2 To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may ;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.
- 3 But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys compris'd,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
But rather death disguis'd.
- 4 Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove

For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

- 5 Who trample order, and the day
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship chance alone?
- 6 If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unbless'd
With life that cannot die;
- 7 Such want it, and that want, uncur'd
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
Of everlasting death.
- 8 Sad period to a pleasant course
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

HYMN 287. P. M.

HIS mercies in Jesus renew'd,
Each morning I wake to adore,
A fountain of infinite good,
A sea without bottom or shore:
My Lord, inexpressibly kind!
O when shall I thank him above,
To Jesus eternally join'd,
Absorb'd in the depths of his love!

HYMN 288. P. M.

- 1 **S**EE, ye heirs of sure salvation,
Jesu's most majestic grace,
At his final revelation,
While he pompously displays
All his glories,
All the Godhead in his face!
- 2 To his royal Proclamation
Manifested here, attend,
In his state of exaltation
While he doth with clouds descend,
Brings the kingdom,
Gives the joy that ne'er shall end!

- 3 Power is all to Jesus given :
All his foes must fall before
The great King of earth and heaven,
When he takes his royal power !
Now assume it,
Jesus, reign for evermore !

HYMN 289. P. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, God of our salvation,
Give us eyes thyself to see,
Waiting for thy consolation,
Longing to believe on thee :
Now vouchsafe the sacred power,
Now the faith divine impart ;
Meet us in this solemn hour,
Shine in every drooping heart.
- 2 Anna-like within the temple,
Simeon-like we meekly stay,
Daily with thy saints assemble,
Nightly for thy coming pray :
While our souls are bow'd before thee,
While we humbly sue for grace,
Come, thy people's light and glory,
Show to all thy heavenly face.

HYMN 290. P. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to thy protection,
From fiends and men I fly,
And rest in thy affection,
When passion's storm runs high ;
Beneath my soul, defended
From all invading harms,
Thy mercy hath extended
Its everlasting arms.
- 2 Jesus, Jehovah's power,
Thy promis'd help I claim,
And run into the tower
Of thine almighty name :
Impregnable the city
Which hides my life above ;
My refuge is thy pity,
My safety is thy love.

- 3 Spirit of consolation
And all-sufficient grace,
In every strong temptation
Thou shalt a standard raise
Against my foes infernal,
And show me on the tree
The dying God eternal
Whose blood hath ransom'd me.
- 4 By faith I now inherit
Both strength and righteousness,
In Father, Son, and Spirit,
The God whom I confess:
Whate'er I ask, desiring,
I have ; I surely have
The Three in One conspiring
This dear-bought soul to save,

HYMN 291. C. M. D.

- 1 **D**ELIGHT, and softest sympathy,
My faithful heart divide,
When I behold the shameful tree
Where my Beloved died !
I look on him whose blood redeems,
And bears me up to God ;
I look—and while the fountain streams,
My tears increase the flood.
- 2 I want to pour a sea of tears,
With blessed grief to mourn,
In view of him, whose form appears
By my offences torn :
My sins have done the wicked deed,
Have caus'd the killing smart,
And pierc'd his soul and made him bleed ;
The balm that breaks my heart.
- 3 His precious blood both wounds and heals,
(When faith the balm applies)
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies ;
His precious blood the life inspires
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

HYMN 292. P. M.

- 1 **C**HRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won;
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save,
Where's thy victory, O Grave?
- 5 Soar we now, where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
- 6 King of glory, soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

HYMN 293. P. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHTNESS of the Eternal Glory,
Image of our God exprest,
Jesus, let thy works adore Thee,
God supreme for ever blest!
Still upheld by their Creator,
Heaven and earth thy power confess;
Lord of universal nature,
Take the universal praise.
- 2 From his heavenly throne descending,
Son of God, and Son of Man,
See him on a cross depending,
By his sinful creatures slain!
O the depth of love redeeming!
God his spirit doth resign:

See the blood in pardons streaming—
Precious balm of blood divine!

- 3 Flow'd from him an open fountain
For the universal sin,
Wash'd away th' enormous mountain,
Made a world of sinners clean;
By his one complete oblation,
Jesus did the ransom find,
Quench'd his Father's indignation,
Purg'd the guilt of all mankind.
- 4 Object of their adoration,
Saviour, thee thine angel-train
Met with rapturous exclamation,
Welcom'd to thy courts again!
Still they shout, and fall before thee,
Thee their great Creator own,
Re-install'd in all their glory,
Bright on thine eternal throne!

HYMN 294. P. M.

Missionary.

- 1 **O** FOR that bright and glorious day,
When truth enthron'd on Mercy's brow,
Shall bear a universal sway,
Where Error reigns in triumph now;
When Jesus' name shall spread abroad,
And every nation own their God!
- 2 When man, the slave of sin and shame,
For freedom shall no longer sigh,
But catch the rapture-giving strain,
And raise the shout of Liberty!
And songs which earth has never told,
Shall vibrate from each harp of gold.
- 3 That midnight gloom which hovers o'er
Where superstition rears her head,
Shall screen the bloodstain'd rites no more,
Nor bide where vice her victims led.
But chasing darkness as it flies,
The sun of righteousness arise!
- 4 Earth, fill'd with radiancy divine,
As Eden smiled shall smile again,
While peace and happiness shall join,
To spread the Saviour's glorious reign.

No sigh shall heave the troubled breast,
No tears disturb the pilgrim's rest.

- 5 Blest Jesus! haste the glorious day,
When truth, enthron'd on Mercy's brow,
Shall bear a universal sway,
Where Error reigns and triumphs now;
Till guilt and misery be driven—
And earth again resembles heaven.

HYMN 295. P. M.

Another of the same.

- 1 **O**'ER the realms of Pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the blindness of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshiping before Him,
Serve the living God alone;
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.
- 4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name through every land;
Lord, be with them,
Always to the end of time.

HYMN 296. P. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, without thy great salvation,
We must sink to endless woe;
Thou wert offered an oblation,
That the world thy grace might know,
While upon the cross suspended
Thou did'st bleed, and groan, and die;

To thy wounds and arms extended
Let us now for refuge fly.

- 2 Sin-polluted—hell-deserving,
Suppliants at thy feet we fall,
Sin and Satan we're been serving;
Now, O Lord, on thee we call.
Pardon, Lord, a vile offender,
Who has wandered far from thee;
Let us now our hearts surrender,
Let us thy salvation see.
- 3 Now the purple flood is flowing;
Wide the fountain is, and pure;
Health, her blessings there bestowing
To the soul that seeks a cure.
On his throne as Mediator,
Life he offers through his blood,
That each seeking, sin-sick creature,
May be reconcil'd to God.
- 4 Jesus, in thine arms embrace us;
Send thy blessings on each head;
From our evil hearts release us;
O'er our sins thy mantle spread.
Teach us what we are by nature,
And by grace what we must be;
Give new hearts to every creature,
That we may resemble thee.
- 5 Now display thy mighty glory,
By the wonders of thy grace,
And we shall repeat the story,
When we see thee face to face.
Then, before our God, adoring,
We shall tune our harps above,
And, with seraphs, stand before him,
Singing of his dying love.

HYMN 297. C. M. D.

For a Sunday School.

- 1 **C**HILDREN are God's peculiar care,
And while their praises rise,
In humble songs of faith and prayer,
With rev'rence to the skies;
Their fervent cries in heaven he hears,
And soon their souls are fed;

For to each child his name who fears,
He gives the living bread.

2 Our Jesus is the source of truth,
And light, and knowledge too;
Now he invites us in our youth,
His goodness to pursue;
He gives his word, his love, his grace,
That we like him may be;
He bids us, children, seek his face,
That we his face may see.

3 Jesus, from every ill defend,
And guide our erring feet;
O help us on thee to depend,
That when at school we meet,
Thy word may be a glorious light
To lead us on our way,
Secure from sin and nature's night,
To everlasting day.

4 It is our business here below,
Our heavenly king to praise,
While in our youth; and as we grow,
Give him our better days,
He sends us clothing, friends, and food;
No favour he'll deny;
For us he died, and now he lives
That we may never die.

5 Then let us all, with heart and voice,
Unite to praise his name;
Let Jesus' service be our choice,
His glory be our theme.
To Him may our hosannas rise,
As children's once before;
Till we are called above the skies,
To dwell for evermore.

HYMN 298. L. M.

For Children.

ALMIGHTY sov'reign of the skies,
Thou only good, Thou only wise;
Our youthful hymns to thee we bring,
And hail thee UNIVERSAL KING!

- 2 The heavenly choirs around thy throne
Attune their harps to thee alone;
And shall we, children, here below,
No praises on thy name bestow.
- 3 Send down, O Lord, thy power and grace,
And fill our hearts with prayer and praise;
Then, ceaseless, shall our songs ascend,
In anthems to the children's Friend.
- 4 And while our youthful voices rise,
In hallelujah's to the skies,
Our weak endeavours, Lord, approve,
And every sinful thought remove.
- 5 And when our singing here is o'er,
When up to heaven our spirits soar,
May golden harps to us be given,
To sing thy endless praise in heaven.

HYMN 299. C. M.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL thought! O rapturous words!
His praises let us sing,
Whose true and faithful word declares,
That Jesus *shall* be king
- 2 What though the enemies should rise,
And hosts of agents bring!
Thy word our fainting thought renews,
Our Saviour *shall* be king.
- 3 The heathen *shall* destroy their gods,
And Jesus' praise *shall* ring
Throughout a world which one despis'd,
But then *shall* hail him king.

And He who once on Calvary groan'd,
Of death once felt the sting,
Now reigns throughout the hosts of heaven,
And o'er his saints a king.
- 5 Soon will he come, and all *shall* bow,
And all *shall* tribute bring—
Soon the redeem'd on earth *shall* soar
To heaven, where Christ is king.

HYMN 300. S. M.

The Rock and Refuge.

- 1 **T**HE sins of youth and age,
Aloud for vengeance cry;
What satisfaction can I make,
Or where for shelter fly?
- 2 Jesus, a Rock thou art,
Ordain'd by heaven to be
A refuge to the trembling soul;
And why not such to me?
- 3 Secur'd from every ill,
Exempt from every fear,
Eternal wrath will never reach,
No arrows pierce me there.

HYMN 301. P. M.

Profane Families warned.

- 1 **T**REMBLE, ye families profane,
Where the great God is not adored;
Who take the name of Christ in vain,
But do not invoke your Lord;
Regardless of his smile or frown,
Ye pull the heaviest judgments down.
- 2 Before the threatened curse takes place,
And sweeps your prayerless souls to hell,
Daily unite to implore his grace,
Invite him in your tents to dwell;
Let every house his worship show,
And every heart his presence know.

HYMN 302. C. M. D.

- 1 **O**H Lord, our grateful tongues would fain
Make known thy truth and love,
And raise on earth a holy strain,
As angels do above.
Our lives, and all we have, are thine;
For by thy power and skill,
Thou form'dst us in thy wise design,
To do thy holy will.
- 2 Thou art the source whence every good
On erring man descends,

As clothing, comforts, health, and food,
 And sympathizing friends;
 And powers conferring more delight,
 On us thou didst bestow,
 In reason's intellectual light,
 To serve thee here below.

- 3 Now, while our homage, Lord, to thee,
 In grateful songs we pay,
 Oh, grant us heav'nly grace, that we,
 May serve thee night and day;
 That while our consecrated hours
 Are spent in thine employ,
 Thou may'st prepare our mortal powers,
 For an immortal joy.

HYMN 303. P. M.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.
 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ;
 To feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell.
 To shine with the angels of light;
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my king.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away:
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows,
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

HYMN 304. P. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE we him, by whose kind favour,
 Heav'nly truth has reach'd our ears!

May its sweet reviving savour
 Fill our hearts, and calm our fears!
 TRUTH—how sacred is the treasure!
 Teach us, Lord, its worth to know!
 Vain 's the hope, and short the pleasure,
 Which from other sources flow.

- 2 What of truth we've now been hearing,
 Lord to ev'ry heart apply!
 In the day of thine appearing,
 May we share thy people's joy.
 Till thou take us hence for ever,
 Saviour, guide us with thine eye;
 This our aim, our sole endeavour,
 Thine to live, and thine to die.

HYMN 305. L. M.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
 No more he grieves for troubles past;
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day:
 'There I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.
- 5 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode:
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

HYMN 306. P. M.

Sunday School.

- 1 **M**ANY voices seem to say,
 "Hither children—here's the way;
 Haste along, and nothing fear
 Every pleasant thing is here!"

- 2 Yes—but whither would ye lead ?
Is it happiness indeed ?
Or a little shining show,
Leading down to death and woe ?
- 3 We were made for better things,
High as heaven our nature springs ;
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.
- 4 We were made to love and fear
That great God who placed us here ;
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.
- 5 We were made to work awhile,
Cheerful, at our work to smile,
Thinking as we labour thus,
Of the heaven prepared for us.
- 6 So, a pleasant path we'll tread,
By the hand of Jesus led,
Till, from sin and sorrow freed,
Ours is happiness indeed !

HYMN 307. C. M.

By the Teachers Only.

- 1 **O** MIGHTY growth of deathless seed !
What thronging thousands stand
Year after year, in utter need
Of mercy's christian hand !
- 2 A flowery birth—a green array,
To human culture given ;
Had they been plucked as yesterday,
To day, they'd bloom in heaven !
- 3 But now, the shuddering spirit turns
From yon prophetic roll,
As, in each blossom, she discerns
A lost, a living soul !
- 4 A soul in which the mortal stain
Of wilful sin is wrought !—
Responsible ! for every vain,
For every idle thought.
- 5 O had that arm of mercy slept,
That raised the bruised reed,

- Our hearts in long despair had wept,
This growth of deathless seed :
- 6 But, "suffer such," the Saviour cried;
" 'Tis mine, this green array;
"From every bank, and highway side,
"Go gather, as ye may."
- 7 Yes, gracious Lord, thy servants we
The blest commission bear,
And gladly weave a crown for thee,
Our shepherd king, to wear.

HYMN 308. P. M.

Sunday School Hymn.

- 1 **T**HERE is a grassy bed,
A cold and gloomy cell,
In which some youthful head
Will almost surely dwell,
Before another pleasant spring
The first young violets shall bring!
- 2 O, if on yonder side
A hand of dazzling flame
Should the blue heavens divide,
And write that young one's name,
His knees would shake, his blood run cold,
Like the Chaldean king of old.
- 3 With earnest hope and fear,
For pardon he'd implore,
And spend this hasty year
As he spent none before;
To Jesus Christ his soul would cling,
As the one only needful thing.
- 4 Well, let the name be mine,
(As possibly it may,)
Great Saviour, now incline
This thoughtless heart to pray;
Turn, turn me—now before we part;
Help me to give thee up my heart.
- 5 Then though the grassy bed,
The cold and gloomy cell,
Should rest *my* youthful head,
For me it would be well—

Yes, better far than joining here
This sprightly band another year!

HYMN 309. C. M.

The Dying Christian.

- 1 **H**OW peaceful is the closing scene,
When virtue yields its breath!
How sweetly beams the smile serene,
Upon the cheek of death!
- 2 The Christian's heart no fear can blight,
No pain his peace destroy:
He views, beyond the realms of light,
A pure and boundless joy.
- 3 Oh, who can gaze, with heedless sight,
On scenes so fair as this?
Who but exclaims—"thus let *me* die,
And be my end like his?"

HYMN 310. L. M.

- 1 **A** FEW more days preserve me here;
And when from earth my spirit flies,
O, let a child of mine be near—
A child of God to close mine eyes.
- 2 Before its strong arrest I feel,
Give me my death's approach to see;
And having lived to serve thy will,
Lord, let me then depart in Thee.

HYMN 311. L. M.

Restoration to Health.

- 1 **A**ND live I yet by power divine!
And have I still my course to run!
Again brought back, in its decline,
The shadow of my parting sun?
- 2 Jesus to my deliverance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay;
Pale Death his ancient conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasped the prey!

HYMN 312. C. M.

*Setting out to preach the Gospel among Strangers
and Enemies.*

- 1 **A**NGEL of God, whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus, I take thee for my guide,
And walk in thee, my way.
- 2 Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me thy hand hath spread
The banner of thy love.
- 3 To leave my captain I disdain;
Behind I will not stay;
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,
And death obstruct the way.
- 4 Me to thy suffering self conform,
And arm me with thy power,
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour.
- 5 Then shall I hear thine utmost will,
When first the strength is given—
Come, foolish world, my body kill,
My soul shall rise to heaven.

HYMN 313. C. M.

Self-abhorrence.

- 1 **A**PPEAR, Great God, appear to me,
That by myself abhorred,
Ashamed I may for ever be,
Before my glorious Lord;
- 2 That only sight can pride abase
Can force me to submit,
Which makes archangels veil their face,
And tremble at thy feet!

HYMN 314. P. M.

Self-examination.

AT evening to myself I say,
My soul, where hast thou gleaned to day?
Thy labours how bestowed?

What hast thou rightly said or done ?
 What grace attained, or knowledge won,
 In following after God ?

HYMN 315. P. M.

The Weary longing for rest.

- 1 **A**S shipwreck'd mariners desire,
 With eager grasp, to reach the shore ;
 As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,
 And vet'rans wish the warfare o'er ;—
 I languish from this earth to flee,
 And gasp for—*immortality*.
- 2 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,
 And all within me groans,—“How long ?”
 O were I landed in the skies !
 The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
 Should there no more my soul molest,
 Or break my everlasting rest.
- 3 In that Jerusalem above,
 No pain the happy spirit meets ;
 No sense of ill-requited love,
 No sad complaining in our streets :
 Crying, and curse, and death are o'er,
 And there temptation is no more.
- 4 O could I break this carnal fence,
 Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
 On angel wings remove from hence,
 And fly this happy moment home,
 Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
 And launch into eternal day !

HYMN 316. L. M.

- 1 **C**AN we believe thy precious word,
 And not assemble in thy name,
 Sure, if we meet, to meet our Lord,
 And catch thy whisper “Here I am !”
- 2 Where two or three, with faithful heart,
 Unite to plead the promise given,
 As truly in the midst thou art
 As in the countless hosts of heaven.

HYMN 317. P. M.

Sorrowing not without Hope.

- 1 **I**F death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrows chide,
Or frown my tears to see;
Restrain'd from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in Thee.
- 2 I feel a strong, immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain-load;
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friends again,
Within the arms of God.
- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore,
Which death hath snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 318. C. M.

- 1 **I**S God's peculiar people mine?
To them I then shall be
Gathered beneath the Saviour's sign,
And Christ in glory see—
- 2 Gathered into the church above,
Whoe'er to Christ belong,
Shall meet, to sing the song of love,
The Lamb's eternal song.

HYMN 319. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, our hearts inspire
With that true word of thine;
Kindle now that heavenly fire
To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold,
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.

- 2 If thou dost thy gospel bless,
 If thou apply the word,
 Then our broken hearts confess,
 The hammer of the Lord :
 Fully, Lord, the hammer use ;
 Force the nations to submit ;
 Smite the rocks, and break and bruise
 The work beneath thy feet.

HYMN 320. S. M. D.

- 1 **M**ESSIAH, full of grace,
 Redeemed by thee we plead,
 Thy promise made to Abraham's race,
 To souls for ages dead :
 Our bones as quite dried up,
 Throughout our vale appear ;
 Cut off and lost their last faint hope
 To see thy kingdom here.
- 2 Open their graves, and bring
 The outcasts forth, to own,
 Thou art the Lord, their God and king,
 Their true anointed one ;
 To save the race forlorn
 Thy glorious arm display,
 And show the world a nation born—
 A nation in a day !

HYMN 321. C. M. D.

In time of peril.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, from the wrath to come,
 From present evil save,
 And farther mitigate my doom,
 Nor let me see the grave :
 Still hold my soul in life, I pray,
 A dying worm reprieve,
 And let me all my lengthened day
 Unto thy glory live.
- 2 Now, Lord, I have to thee made known
 My troubled soul's request,
 And sink in calm dependence down
 Within thy arms to rest :
 Secure in danger's blackest hour
 Thy faithfulness to prove,

Protected by almighty power,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 322. L. M.

Birth, Death, and Immortality.

- 1 **N**AKED into the world I came,
Naked I out of it shall go,
And soon this perishable frame
With mother earth shall rest below.
- 2 But O! my soul, if born again,
With glory clothed upon shall rise,
A place among the saints obtain,
And find its father in the skies.

HYMN 323. C. M. D.

Answers to Prayer.

- 1 **O**FT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest;
Oft when my prayer was scarce begun,
Thou didst thy grace impart,
And make thy pardoning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.
- 2 Why this profusion of thy grace
On such a worm as me?
Father, I ask in fix'd amaze,
Explain the mystery.
How canst thou to a sinner's cry,
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st mine Advocate on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

HYMN 324. P. M.

The dying Parents.

- 1 **O** THOU faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead,
Waiting for thy last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead.
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.
- 2 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;

Call my little ones thine own,
 Give them all thy blessings, give;
 Keep them while on Earth they breathe
 Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend,
 Into thine embraces take;
 Be her sure immortal Friend,
 Save her for my Saviour's sake;
 Free from sin, from sorrow free,
 Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
 Husband of the widow prove;
 Me and mine persist to bless,
 Tell me we shall meet above:
 Seal the promise on my heart,
 Bid me then in peace depart.

HYMN 325. P. M.

Helpless yet Happy.

1 **O** THOU, whose wise, paternal love
 Hath brought my active vigour down
 Thy choice I thankfully approve,
 And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
 I offer up my life's remains;
 I choose the state my God ordains.

2 Cast, as a broken vessel, by,
 Thy will I can no longer do;
 Yet, while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I may in weakness show;
 My patience may thy glory raise,
 My speechless wo proclaim thy praise.

3 But, since without thy spirit's might
 Thou knowest I nothing can endure,
 The help I ask in Jesus' right,
 The strength he did for me procure,
 Father, abundantly impart,
 And arm with love my feeble heart.

4 O let me live, of thee possessed,
 In weakness, weariness, and pain!
 The anguish of my labouring breast,
 The daily cross I still sustain,

For him that languished on the tree,
But lived, before he died, for me.

HYMN 326. C. M.

The gourd of Jonah.

- 1 **O**UR joy is a created good;
How soon it fades away;
Fades, (at the morning hour bestowed,)
Before the noon of day.
- 2 Joy, by a violent excess,
To certain ruin tends;
And all our rapturous happiness
In hasty sorrow ends.
- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head.
- 4 But of my Saviour's love possessed,
No more for earth I pine;
Secure of everlasting rest—
Beneath the heavenly vine.

HYMN 327. P. M.

A last Prayer.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

HYMN 328. L. M.

Prayer at stated Times.

- 1 **T**HUS, Lord, throughout my life would I,
At stated times thy grace implore,
At morning, noon, and night, draw nigh
Thy throne, to worship and adore;
For mercy every moment pray,
And never from thy praises cease,
But glide insensibly away
To raptures of eternal bliss.

2 Let the infernal lion roar—

I still approach thy throne of grace,
Daily present, as heretofore,
My sacrifice of prayer and praise ;
Before my God, by Satan's host,
Found on my knees might I but be,
I'll glory that my life it cost,
And die from man to live with Thee.

HYMN 329. C. M.

Vain Repentances.

1 **T**IMES without number have I prayed,
This only once forgive ;
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live :

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord to my heart restore ;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

HYMN 330. C. M.

On recovering from Sickness.

1 **W**HEN on the margin of the grave,
Why did I doubt my Saviour's art ?
Ah ! why mistrust his will to save ?
What meant that faltering of my heart.

2 'Twas not the searching pain within,
That filled my coward flesh with fear ;
Nor consciousness of outward sin,
Nor sense of dissolution near.

3 Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
The fruit of righteousness alone ;
Naked of Christ my soul I found,
And started from a God unknown.

4 Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
Could I his purer presence bear ?
Unchanged, unhallowed, unrenewed,
Could I before his face appear ?

5 Father of mercies, hear my call !
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by thy quick'ning power.

- 6 My nature re-exchange for thine ;
 Be thou my life, my hope, my gain ;
 Arm me in panoply divine,
 And death shall shake his dart in vain.
- 7 When I thy promised Christ have seen,
 And clasped Him in my soul's embrace,
 Possessed of my salvation, then—
 Then let me, Lord, depart in peace,

HYMN 331. P. M.

The Christian.

- 1 **W**HO is as the Christian great,
 Bought and washed with Jesu's blood ?
 Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
 Soars aloft, and walks with God.
- 2 Who is as the Christian wise ?
 He has nought—for all hath given—
 Bought the pearl of greatest price,
 Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.
- 3 Who is as the Christian blest ?
 He hath found the long-sought stone ;
 He is join'd to Christ, his rest,
 He and happiness are one.
- 4 Earth and heaven together meet,
 Gifts in him and graces join,
 Make the character complete,
 All immortal, all divine.
- 5 Lo ! his clothing is the sun,
 The bright Sun of Righteousness ;
 He hath put salvation on—
 Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 6 Lo ! he feeds on Living Bread,
 Drinks the fountain from above,
 Leans on Jesus' breast his head,
 Feasts for ever on his love.
- Angels here his servants are,
 Spread for him their golden wings,
 To his throne of glory bear,
 Seat him by the King of kings.
- 8 Who shall gain that heavenly height ?
 Who his Saviour's face shall see ?

I, who claim it in his right,
Christ hath bought it all for me.

HYMN 332. L. M.

Hope against hope.

- 1 **W**HO is the weak believer, who
Doth still his dreary way pursue,
Inspired with true religious fear,
And following Christ with heart sincere?
Obedient to thy Saviour's voice,
Yet canst thou not in him rejoice,
Or taste the comforts of his grace,
Or find a God who hides his face?
- 2 Jesus is vanished from thy sight:
No glimpse of bliss, or gleam of light,
To cheer thee in the desert way,
Or promise a return of day;
No evidence of things unseen,
But wars without, and fears within;
No witness of thy sins forgiven,
No ray of hope on this side heaven!
- 3 Poor, tempted soul, what canst thou do?
Hope against hope that God is true;
His nature in his name confess,
His wisdom, power, and righteousness.
The Lord, whom now thou canst not see,
Whate'er He is, He is for thee;
Expect, and thou shalt surely prove,
That God in Christ is perfect love.
- 4 Till then, on Him thy spirit stay,
Whose death hath borne thy sins away;
Conform'd to Jesus in his blood,
With him cry out—"My God, my God!
My God, my God, I hold thee fast,
Till nature's latest pang is past;
Into thy hands my soul resign,
And then—Thou art for ever mine."

HYMN 333. P. M.

To Him every knee shall bow.

- 1 **W**ORTHY, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee should bow,

- Every tongue to Thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign!
- 2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers!
Source of power, He rules alone;
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the cause, the Lord of all!
- 3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;
One with thine Almighty sire,
Partner of an equal throne;
King of kings, let all conspire—
Gratefully thy sway to own.
- 4 Jesus, Thou art my king,
To me thy succour bring.
Christ the mighty one art Thou,
Help for all on Thee is laid:
This thy promise claim I now;
Send me down the promised aid.

HYMN 334. C. M.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;
And all the nations of the world
Shall bow before thy throne.
- 2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.
- 3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lord
Raise Jesu's cross on high;
And, from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.
- 4 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.
- 5 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,

That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN 335. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope aspire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again
- 2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 336. P. M.

- 1 **C**HILD of prosperity,
Nursling of vanity,
Slave of preferment, of wealth and renown,
Does love smooth thy pillow,
Is hush'd each rude billow
Of care in thy breast? is thy wretchedness flown?
- 2 Is smiling contentment
Thy constant attendant,
Does happiness place her green wreaths on thy
brow?
And joy raise thy bosom,
With heart-felt emotion,
And chase from thy vision each prospect of wo?
- 3 Ah, no! wealth and grandeur,
And titles of honour,
Can never impart a sweet calm to the mind;
All, all is commotion,
Their pleasure a notion,
They leave no enjoyment or comfort behind.

- 4 Then haste to the mountain,
Where flows from its fountain,
The streams of enjoyment, unmingled with
care;
The Eden of pleasure,
A permanent treasure,
The harbour of rest, for no billows are there.
- 5 Your peace, like a river,
For ever and ever,
Shall glide undisturb'd in its channel along
To that blissful region,
Where dove-eyed religion,
Invites you—O haste!—for she beckons you on.

HYMN 337. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Christians of old, united in one,
As sheep in a fold were never alone;
As birds of a feather all flock'd to their nest,
And shelter'd together in Jesus's breast.
- 2 However employ'd, their joy was the same;
They never were cloy'd in hymning the Lamb;
Their sole recreation to sing of his praise,
And publish salvation by Jesus's grace.
- 3 Small learning they had, and wanted no more,
Not many could read, but all could adore;
No help from the College or School they receiv'd,
Content with his knowledge in whom they believ'd.
- 4 No riches had they, but riches of grace;
No fondness for play, or passion for praise;
No moments of leisure for trifling employs,
Possess'd of the treasure in God to rejoice.
- 5 Men in their own eyes were children again,
And children were wise and solid as men;
The women were fearful of nothing but sin,
Their hearts were all cheerful, their consciences
clean.
- 6 Wrapt up in their Lord, his service and love,
They liv'd and ador'd, like angels above;
To keep in his favour their lives they laid down,
And now with their Saviour inherit the crown.

HYMN 338. P. M.

- 1 **L**ET all men rejoice, by Jesus restor'd;
We lift up our voice, and call him our Lord;
His joy is to bless us, and free us from thrall,
From all that oppress us, he rescues us all.
- 2 Him Prophet, and King, and Priest we proclaim,
We triumph and sing of Jesus's name;
Poor idiots he teaches to show forth his praise,
And tell of the riches of Jesus's grace.
- 3 No matter how dull the scholar whom he
Takes into his school, and gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion of teaching he hath,
And wise to salvation, he makes us through faith.
- 4 The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not stray,
His method so plain, so easy the way;
The simplest believer his promise may prove,
And drink of the river of Jesus's love.
- 5 Yet not many wise his summons obey,
And great ones despise so vulgar a way;
And strong ones will never their helplessness own,
Or stoop to find favour through mercy alone.
- 6 And therefore our God the outcasts hath chose,
His righteousness show'd to heathens like us!
When wise ones rejected his offers of grace,
His goodness elected the foolish and base.
- 7 To baffle the wise, and noble, and strong,
He bade us arise, an impotent throng:
Poor ignorant wretches, we gladly embrace
A Prophet who teaches salvation by grace.
- 8 Poor outcasts of men, whose souls are despis'd,
And left with disdain, by Jesus are priz'd;
His gracious creation in us he makes known,
And brings us salvation, and calls us his own.

HYMN 339. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;

Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

- 3 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN 340. P. M.

- 1 **E**NLISTED in the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil ?
Music, alas ! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil :
Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay
Flows to the soul's undoing,
Widens and strews with flowers the way
Down to our utter ruin.
- 2 Who on the part of God will rise ?
Innocent sounds recover ;
Fly on the prey, and seize the prize,
Plunder the carnal lover ?
Strip him of every moving strain,
Every melting measure,
Music in virtue's cause retain,
Rescue the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come let us try if Jesus' love
Will not as well inspire us :
This is the theme of those above,
This upon earth shall fire us :
Try if your hearts are tun'd to sing ;
Is there a subject greater ?
Harmony all its strains may bring ;
Jesus' name is sweeter.
- 4 Jesus the soul of music is,
His is the noblest passion ;
Jesus' name is life and peace,
Happiness and salvation :
Jesus' name the dead can raise,
Show us our sins forgiven,

- Fill us with all the life of grace,
Carry us up to heaven.
- 5 Who hath a right like us to sing,
Us who his mercy raise!
Merry our hearts, for Christ is King,
Joyful are all our faces:
Who of his love doth once partake,
He in the Lord rejoices;
Melody in our hearts we make,
Melody with our voices.
- 6 Then let us in his praises join;
Triumph in his salvation;
Glory ascribe to Love divine,
Worship and adoration:
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer;
Only believe and still sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.

HYMN 341. P. M.

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose words cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?
- 3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near;
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day;

Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises,
Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 342. P. M.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow,
Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;

And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there :
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

HYMN 343. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 While he affords his aid,
I'm free from every fear ;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 4 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 5 The bounties of thy love,
Shall crown my following days ;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

HYMN 344. P. M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name ;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol !
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh, his presence we have :
The great congregation his triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right;
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might
All honour and blessing, with angels above;
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

HYMN 345. P. M.

The year of Jubilee.

- 1 **F**AIR shines the morning star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoner of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly;
Rise with your Lord;—He sets you free:
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
The land you fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son;
Your heritage again is free,
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you:
The blood of Christ hath made you free:
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year;
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free:
It is the year of Jubilee.

HYMN 346. L. M.

The gathering of the Gentiles.

- 1 **T**HE Heathen perish day by day,
Thousands on thousand pass away;
O christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them or they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for *you*?
And what for *this* will ye not do?
- 3 Thou spirit of the Lord go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun, to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

HYMN 347. C. M.

- 1 **S**ATAN, the world, and sin,
Entice me from my God;
Tempt me to leave the heavenly path,
And tread the downward road.
- 2 O Thou who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not a child disown.
- 3 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be:
Strengthen my faith, inflame my love,
And draw my soul to Thee.

HYMN 348. S. M.

On the Death of an aged Minister.

- 1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy lov'd employ;
The battle's fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,

- A veteran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield.
- 4 His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 5 It was a two-edged blade
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
- 6 'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all who mourned for sin;
It kindled and it silenc'd strife,
Made war and peace within.
- 7 Oft with its fiery force
His arm hath quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
- 8 Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.
- 9 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer—
- 10 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sun rise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.
- 11 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare clos'd at last,
His soul is found in peace.
- 12 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

HYMN 349. C. M.

Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.

- 1 **S**TAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

HYMN 350. P. M.

*The Song of the Hundred and forty and four
Thousand.*

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song—
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain—
New dominion every hour?”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;

Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Whom the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

HYMN 351. P. M.

Glory to God in the Highest.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ;—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

HYMN 352. S. M.

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on an apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and motion from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall his salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd thro' Thee.

HYMN 353. C. M. D.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise :
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone :
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heav'n are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death :
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;

Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.

Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly ;

And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die :

His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

- 4 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs, with glory crown'd ;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
And hear his trumpet sound :
O that we now might grasp our Guide !
O that the word were given !
Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven !

HYMN 354. C. M. D.

- 1 **T**HE crowd, the poor, unthinking crowd,
Refuse thy hand to see,
They will not hear thy loudest rod,
They will not turn to thee.
As with judicial blindness struck,
They all thy signs despise,
Harden their hearts yet more, and mock
The anger of the skies.

- 2 But blinder still, the rich and great,
In wickedness excel,
And revel on the brink of fate,
And sport and dance to hell.
Regardless of my smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require,
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.

- 3 But, O ! thou dreadful, righteous Lord,
The praying remnant spare,
The men that tremble at thy word,
And see the coming snare :
Our land if yet again thou shake, !
Or utterly break down,

A merciful distinction make,
And strongly save thine own.

- 4 If earth its mouth must open wide,
To swallow up its prey;
Jesus, thy faithful people hide,
In that vindictive day:
Firm in the universal shock,
We shall not then remove;
Safe in the clefts of Israel's rock,
Our Lord's expiring love.

HYMN 355. C. M.

- 1 **O** HOW extensive is thy grace,
How rich, how full, how free!
The needy thou delight'st to raise:
I'll tell my wants to thee.
- 2 I want to fear thy sacred name,
I want to love thee more,
I want to feel that heavenly flame,
Which I have felt before.
- 3 I want to know myself aright,
To hear what Jesus saith;
I want repentance in thy sight,
I want a stronger faith.
- 4 I want to have my soul resign'd,
Submissive to thy will;
I want a meek, an humble mind,
I want my wants to feel.
- 5 I want a chaste and single eye:
Thy gracious ear incline;
From fulness infinite supply
This empty soul of mine.
- 6 Through Jesus let these blessings flow;
He bought them with his blood:
Now let a worthless sinner know
Thy promises made good.

HYMN 356. L. M.

- 1 **O** LET Jehovah's liberal hand
Be own'd and sung through all the land!
'Tis he that sends a plenteous store,
His name let every soul adore.

- 2 Let undeserved goodness raise
Our admiration and our praise;
Such vile rebellious sinners are
Unworthy of the smallest share.
- 3 But how does mercy yet abound!
How is the year with plenty crown'd!
For man and beast a rich supply
Is wisely order'd from on high.
- 4 'Tis God who makes the earth to yield,
He gives increase to every field;
The fragrant herb, the fruitful tree.
From God receive fertility.
- 5 Help us to feed, with grateful hearts,
On what thy bounteous hand imparts,
And let thy mercies all combine
To ripen us for joys divine.

HYMN 357. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW welcome is this news
To souls oppress'd with fear;
Why, sinner, why wilt thou refuse
To leave thy burden here?
- 2 Is Jesus full of grace?
Then why dost thou complain?
O! why refuse to seek his face,
His favour to obtain?
- 3 And why shouldst thou, my soul,
Go mourning all thy days?
Lord, let thy grace my fears control,
And fill my mouth with praise.
- 4 Revive my fainting heart
With thy forgiving love;
Haste, Lord, and grace for grace impart,
And fix my thoughts above.

HYMN 358. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;

Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd ;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.
- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart :
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Have fix'd my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone, '
And wholly live to thee ;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me !

HYMN 359. P. M.

- 1 **H**ELP, O help, my great Creator !
Love the soul thyself hast made,
Burthen'd with a sinful nature,
Let me still on thee be stay'd :
What I have to thee commended,
Saviour, wilt thou not secure,
Till the fiery trial's ended,
Till I, as my God, am pure ?
- 2 But it is thy gracious pleasure,
To redeem me from all sin ;
Only let me wait thy leisure,
Till thou bring thy kingdom in.
Pray, and serve thee without ceasing,
Till thy perfect grace I prove ;
Blest with all the gospel blessing,
Fill'd with all the life of love.
- 3 Hear in this accepted hour,
Speak and bid the sun stand still ;
Give me now the constant power
Over my own carnal will :
Stronger wax thy love and stronger ;
Let my bosom-sin give place :
Let the elder serve the younger,—
Nature yield to sovereign grace.

HYMN 360. P. M.

- 1 **O** HOW shall a sinner perform
The vows he hath vow'd to the Lord!
A sinful and impotent worm,
How can I be true to my word!
I tremble at what I have done,
But look for my help from above,
The power that I never have known,
The virtue of Jesus's love.
- 2 My solemn engagements are vain,
My promises empty as air,
My vows I shall break them again,
And plunge in eternal despair—
Unless my omnipotent God
The sense of his goodness impart,
And shed, by his spirit, abroad,
That love of himself in my heart.

HYMN 361. P. M.

- 1 **O** LOVER of sinners, extend
To me thy affectionate grace;
Appear, my affliction to end;
Afford me a glimpse of thy face:
That light shall enkindle in me
A flame of reciprocal love,
And then I shall cleave unto thee,
And then I shall never remove.
- 2 O come to a mourner in pain,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
And then I shall love thee again,
And sing of the goodness I feel;
Constrain'd by the grace of my Lord,
My soul shall in all things obey,
And wait to be fully restor'd,
And long to be summon'd away.

HYMN 362. P. M.

- 1 **O** FATHER of all, who fillest with good,
The ravens that call on thee for their food;
Them ready to perish, thou lov'st to sustain,
And wilt thou not cherish the children of men?

- 2 On thee we depend our wants to supply,
 Whose goodness shall send us bread from the sky;
 On earth thou shalt give us a taste of thy love,
 And shortly receive us to banquet above.

HYMN 363. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE rain descends, the tempests rise!
 My soul, his majesty adore!
 Jehovah's voice sounds through the skies,
 While lightnings flash and thunders roar.
- 2 I sit becalm'd while others fear;
 The God of Thunder is my all;
 It is my Father's voice I hear,
 Nor shall I by his thunder fall.
- 3 No: while his lightnings flash around,
 Although the earth's foundation move,
 I stand secure on faith's firm ground,
 I rest in his unchanging love.
- 4 Nothing shall fright my soul from God,
 Should he the skies this moment rend;
 He is my only safe abode,
 My Rock, my Refuge, and my Friend.

HYMN 364. C. M.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glittering starry sky,
 Far as th' eternal hills:
 There, in the boundless worlds of light,
 Our dear Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
 In countless armies shine;
 At his right hand, with golden harps,
 They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
 Whose unexampled love
 Mov'd thee to quit those blissful realms,
 And royalties above."
- 4 Through all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend;
 Oft wond'ring how, or where, at last,
 This mystic scene would end.
- 5 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds
 With love and grief run o'er,

They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er brake before.

- 6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne :
Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried
"The glorious work is done."

HYMN 365. C. M.

*To be sung on clearing the ground, and erecting the
Stand for a Camp-Meeting.*

- 1 **T**HIS sacred spot, O Lord, to thee,
We consecrate by prayer ;
Thy pow'r and goodness may we see,
Display'd in mercy here.
- 2 While we prepare and clear the ground,
O Lord, our hearts prepare ;
And while we pitch our tents around,
Lord, spread thy glory there.
- 3 Erect thy banners, heavenly King,
As we the Stand erect ;
Many Preachers thy salvation bring,
And souls to thee direct.
- 4 Didst thou of old thine Israel's camp
With clouds of glory crown ?
By day a cloud, by night a lamp !
Thus here, O Lord, come down.
- 5 Now, Lord, before our longing eyes,
Thy glory here reveal,
And let us from the lofty skies,
Thy sacred influence feel.
- 6 May angels, round this chosen spot,
Encamp by night and day ;
May each in order fill his lot,
To preach, and praise, and pray.

HYMN 366. C. M.

Camp-Meeting a pleasant sight.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant are these tents, O Lord,
Where thy dear children meet
To speak and hear thy blessed word,
And worship at thy feet.

- 2 From distant places they have come,
And sweetly here agree ;
They find it here a pleasant home,
To meet, O Lord, with thee.
- 3 Of past experience they converse,
They talk thy mercies o'er,
Thy love and faithfulness rehearse,
Thy goodness they adore.
- 4 They mingle here their friendly hearts,
And pledge their faithful vows ;
While God to them his love imparts,
As if in his own house.
- 5 They carry hence the holy flame,
Which in each bosom glows ;
They spread the savour of thy name,
And on thy grace repose.
- 6 Prepare them all to carry home
An evidence of grace ;
That others may in future come,
To seek thy glorious face.

HYMN 367. C. M.

Breaking up of Camp-Meeting.

- 1 **N**OW, brethren, to your homes repair,
And as you pass along,
Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.
- 2 Praise God, whose mercies brought you here,
Whose goodness keeps you still ;
Whose grace with joy your souls can cheer,
Whose power subdues your will.
- 3 Praise him for what your ears have heard,
For what your eyes have seen ;
Praise him for what has here occur'd,
For all you feel within.
- 4 Improve the strength you here have gain'd
To do his holy will ;
Improve the knowledge here attain'd,
To love and serve him still.
- 5 Let not the world have cause to say,
You serv'd your God for nought ;

But grow in grace from day to day,
As you have here been taught.

- 6 To friends and neighbours all around,
O let your graces shine ;
In ways of holiness abound,
And live a life divine.
- 7 And now, my Christian friends, adieu,
May Jesus with you dwell ;
May grace and peace abide with you :
" So now, dear friends, farewell."
- 8 Farewell, and to your homes repair,
And as you pass along ;
Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
And raise the cheerful song.

HYMN 368. P. M.

Social Worship.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, this is sweet employment,
While we meet to pray and sing,
This indeed is sweet enjoyment,
In the presence of our King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Make the place with praises ring.
- 2 Who can tell the heavenly pleasure,
In this pious sweet employ !
Here's a vast, unfading treasure,
Which our social souls enjoy.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Shout, and sing aloud for joy !

HYMN 369. P. M.

The Rainbow.

- 1 **H**OW grandly the bow stretches over the sky,
The token of covenant grace,
Reflecting its beauties to every eye,
And shows us a reconcil'd face.
- 2 The dark clouds arise to obscure the bright day,
And scatter their horrors around ;
The fearful, amazed, are ready to say,
That judgments will surely abound.
- 3 But when they behold this beautiful sight,
Their fears are dispell'd from the mind,

- This heavenly token affords them delight,
 They to thunders and clouds are resign'd;
 4 'Tis thus, when the storms of adversity roll,
 Our fears are excited and rise,
 Till covenant mercies appear to the soul,
 And Jesus enlightens our eyes.
 5 Then justice, and mercy, and truth are combin'd,
 In covenant goodness and love,
 Sweet peace, joy and pleasure expanding the
 mind,
 It longs for God's presence above.

HYMN 370. P. M.

- 1 **T**HY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
 The firmament displays thy skill;
 The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm thy word fulfil;
 Day unto day doth utter speech,
 And night to night thy knowledge teach.
 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well-known the language of their song,
 When one by one the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along,
 Till round the earth, from all the sky,
 Thy beauty beams on every eye.
 3 Waked from thy touch, the morning sun
 Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
 And, like a giant, glad to run
 His bright career with speed and power;
 —Thy flaming messenger, to dart
 Life through the depth of Nature's heart.
 4 While these transporting visions shine
 Along the path of Providence,
 Glory eternal, joy divine,
 Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
 —My soul thy goodness longs to see,
 Thy love to man, thy love to me.

HYMN 371. P. M.

- 1 **G**OD is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help is near:

Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right-hand?

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate;
 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
 —The Lord will give thee peace.

HYMN 372. P. M.

- 1 **C**ALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd:
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence,
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence;
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Only with thine eye, the anguish
 Of the wicked thou shalt see,
 When by slow disease they languish,
 When they perish suddenly:
 Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
 God, thine hope, shall bear through all;
 Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
 Thee no evil shall befall.
- 4 He shall charge his angel-legions,
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
 Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert-wilds thou sleep;

On the lion vainly roaring,
 On his young, thy foot shall tread,
 And, the dragon's den exploring,
 Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

- 5 Since, with pure and firm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection,
 He will shield thee from above :
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
 He will hearken, He will save,
 Here for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

HYMN 373. P. M.

- 1 **O** COME, let us sing to the Lord,
 In God our salvation rejoice;
 In psalms of thanksgiving record
 His praise, with one spirit, one voice :
 For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
 The God of all gods, on his throne;
 The strength of the hills He maintains,
 The ends of the earth are his own.
- 2 The sea is Jehovah's;—He made
 The tide its dominion to know;
 The land is Jehovah's;—He laid
 Its solid foundations below:
 O come let us worship, and kneel
 Before our Creator, our God;
 —The people who serve him with zeal,
 —The flock whom He guides with his rod.
- 3 His wrath let us fear to provoke,
 To dwell in his favour unite;
 His service is freedom, his yoke
 Is easy, his burden is light:
 But, oh! of rebellion beware,
 Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
 Lest God in his anger should swear
 That we shall not enter his rest.

HYMN 374. P. M.

- 1 **O** THE scene, when this material
 Shall have vanished like a cloud;

When, amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd ;
And the naked soul, surrounded
With innumerable hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.

- 2 In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and tender sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence ?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.
- 3 Will she there no fond emotion,
Nought of earthly love retain ?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain ?
Can the grave those ties dis sever,
With the very heart-strings twin'd ?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friends she leaves behind ?
- 4 No ; the part she still remembers :
Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew :
For the widow'd lonely spirit
Mourns till she be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.
- 5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest ;
Till the trump which shakes creation
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.
- 6 Can I trust a fellow-being ?
Can I trust an angel's care ?
O thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there !

Jesus, blessed Mediator,
 Thou the dreary path hast trod!
 Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
 Shepherd of the fold of God!

- 7 Blessed fold! no eye can enter,
 And no friend departeth thence;
 Jesus is their sun and centre,
 And their shield omnipotence:
 Blessed—for the Lamb shall feed them,
 All their tears shall wipe away,
 To the living fountains lead them,
 Till fruition's perfect day.

HYMN 375. C. M.

For a Sunday School.

- 1 **O**UR gracious Father, God and King,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high;
 Who did from darkness nature bring,
 And rules the earth and sky.
- 2 He, when on earth, did children take
 And bless them in his arms—
 He lov'd them for his mercy's sake,
 And kept them from alarms.
- 3 We children, Lord, assemble here
 Instruction to receive;
 To learn the path of filial fear
 To guide us how to live.
- 4 Bless us again, we do beseech,
 Smile on us from above—
 Thine arm of mercy to us reach,
 And teach us Thee to love.
- 5 We're prone to evil every day,
 And fear we oft offend;
 We often wander from the way—
 Our thoughts to evil tend.
- 6 But when we to reflection turn,
 The evil then is seen;
 Our little hearts with shame do burn,
 To think how bad we've been.
- 7 Oh grant us grace and strength to learn
 To do thy holy will;

And may our little feet stand firm,
On Zion's beauteous hill.

- 8 Then to the path of holiness
Our eager steps we'll bend,
And fear no danger or distress,
Whilst Thou dost stand our friend.

HYMN 376. P. M.

- 1 **F**AR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To his splendid troops on high.
- 2 Hosts seraphic humbly bowing,
At his feet they prostrate fall;
Saints and angels all avowing,
God in Christ is all in all.
- 3 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
Of a fancied heaven below,
And see Jesus' glory beaming,
How our soul would long to go.
- 4 Earth by us would then be spurned,
All its vanity subside;
Fuel fit for to be burned,
All its honours, pleasures, pride.
- 5 From the general conflagration
We should to God's refuge fly;
Clasp the hope of our salvation,
Live in Christ, in Jesus die.
We in him our rest regaining,
All its blessedness should prove;
O'er our foes victorious reigning,
Perfected in spotless love.
- 7 We should for his day be waiting,
When the full reward is given;
When the glorious work's completed,
Jesus takes his church to heaven.
- 9 Pure from every stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine;
Moulded like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

HYMN 377. S. M.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

HYMN 378. P. M.

- 1 **H**AIL the happy consummation,
Hail the time when all is done;
Christ appears to full salvation,
Perfects what he first begun:
Hail the Lord, to earth returning,
Awful, fearful, joyful day;
Valleys, plains, and mountains burning:
Flaming skies are swept away.
- 2 Hear the awful trumpet sounding;
See the nations all draw near;
Come to judgment still resounding,
Till it reaches every ear:
Sinners call for rocks to hide them;
Saints repeating, Come, Lord, come:
Angels mission'd, now divide them;
Jesus speaks their final doom.
- 3 Hear the sentence, not reversed,
See the mighty gulph between;
Come, ye blessed—Go, ye cursed,
Closes up the awful scene:
Shout, ye saints, behold your Saviour,
View, and tell his bleeding wounds,
This will give you joy for ever,
Whilst the sinner it confounds.

HYMN 379. L. M.

- 1 **C**AMP-MEETINGS with thy presence crown,
And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down;
Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.
- 2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide:
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's friend.
- 3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,
And visit thy anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.
- 4 May prayer and praise united rise
Like holy incense to the skies;
In all our hosts display thy power!
May souls be born again this hour!

HYMN 380. P. M.

- 1 **A**S the serpent rais'd by Moses,
Healed the burning serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses,
To the wounded sinner's sight;
Hear his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full salvation—
Sinner, look to me and live."
 - 2 "Pore upon your sins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is stronger;
I my blood have freely spilt.
Though your hearts have long been hardened,
Look on me, it soft shall grow,
Past transgressions shall be pardoned,
And I'll wash you white as snow."
- Gracious Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith;
From the law's condemning sentence,
To thy mercy we appeal,

Give us, Lord, unfeigned repentance,
And our pardon kindly seal.

HYMN 381. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determin'd for a city,
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go—
And to glory I will go—I'll go, I'll go,
And to glory I will go.

- 2 I left my worldly honour—
I left my worldly fame—
I left my young companions
And with them my good name.

- 3 Some said I'd better tarry—
They thought I was too young
For to prepare for dying:—
But that was all my theme.

- 4 Come all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry;
All you that are backsliders
Must shortly beg or die.

CHORUS.

And to begging I will go—
And to begging I will go—will go, will go,
And to begging I will go.

- 5 The Lord he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed;
He always will relieve him
Whene'er he stands in need.

- 6 I do not beg for riches,
Nor to be dressed fine:
The garment that he'll give me,
The sun it will outshine.

- 7 I'm not asham'd to beg
While here on earth I stay;
I'm not asham'd to watch—
And I'm not asham'd to pray.

8 The richest man I ever saw
Was one that begg'd the most ;
His soul was fill'd with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.

9 And now we are encouraged,
Come let us travel on
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.

And to glory I will go, &c.

HYMN 382. P. M.

1 **T**IS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross ;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss :
Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain and toil ;
These spring up and stop the weeds
Which would else o'erspread the soil :
Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way ;
Might I not, with reason fear
I should prove a cast away ?
Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight ;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

HYMN 383. P. M.

1 **Y**E heavens rejoice in Jesus's grace,
Let earth make a noise and echo his praise,
Our all-loving Saviour hath pacified God,
And paid for his favour the price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales in praises abound,
Ye hills and ye dales continue the sound,

Break forth into singing ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

- 3 Atonement he made for every one,
The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done;
Shout, all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

HYMN 384. C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last;
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

HYMN 385. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign,
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine.
- 2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made, by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

HYMN 386. P. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will

All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel!
All I think, or speak, and do;
Take my heart—but make it new.

HYMN 387. C. M.

Before Class-Meeting.

- 1 **O**PEN a window in our breast,
That each his heart may see;
And let no secret be suppress,
Since all is known to thee.
- 2 Our fig-leaves all be cast aside,
Let no self-soothing art
Conceal the lust, t' indulge the pride
Of a foul hellish heart.

HYMN 388. C. M.

After Class-Meeting.

- 1 **F**ORGIVE the sins which we confess,
The burden of our souls;
And hear the mutual fervent prayer,
That makes the sinner whole.
- 2 To all through faith, which is in thee,
A perfect soundness give;
And let us, from all sin set free,
The life of Jesus live.

HYMN 389. P. M.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic wine,
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life thyself hast given,
And feed, and train us up for heaven.
- 2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fulness prove,
And strengthened by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

HYMN 390. P. M.

- 1 **B**LESSED Lord, be thou our teacher,
Helper, counsellor, and guide;
Speak the promise through the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.
- 2 Vain is learning, parts or merit,
Vain the native powers of man;
Jesus! send thy Holy Spirit,
To display the gospel plan.

HYMN 391. P. M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

HYMN 392. L. M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesu's blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all—Depart in peace.

HYMN 393. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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